SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

June 1929

VOL. LXXXV NO. 6

The Every-Day Man's Approach to Faith

BY CHARLES FISKE
Bishop of Central New York

Can people go back to the Bible for a renewal of faith? What has the Christian apologist to offer to the ordinary mortal, who is often trying to correlate imperfectly understood scientific facts with imperfectly remembered religious truth? Bishop Fiske, in a personal confession of faith, sees a solution.

I

TWENTY years ago I was spending a vacation on the coast of Maine. My companions were a research physician, a professor of astronomy, and the curator of a museum of natural history who was something of an amateur geologist. The doctor had brought his microscope along for vacation time, and spent many fascinating hours showing us the mysteries of the beginnings of life. The astronomer had a small telescope and discoursed on the immense distances in the interstellar spaces. The geologist spent many hours climbing the Maine cliffs and tapping the rocks, meanwhile growing rhetorical over glacial periods.

Our guide, philosopher and friend was a Maine native. Let it be remembered that Maine is rock-ribbed in its Republican principles and that this was the summer when the late Mr. Bryan was making his last desperate effort to win the presidency. One day our Maine friend was listening with gaping mouth and wide-open eyes to the conversation of my scientific companions. Finally, he burst forth upon them, one by one: "Do you mean to tell me that these rocks are that many years old?" "Yes." "And that we all come down, not from monkeys, but from some kind of sea worms?" "Yes, after a fashion of speaking." "And that this universe is so big that the light of some other sun than ours has travelled thousands of years to reach us?" "Exactly." "Well," came the response, with a sigh of resignation, "if all you tell me is true, and this universe of ours is as big as you say, and as old as all that—I guess it won't make a powerful lot of difference even if Bryan *is* elected president."

There had suddenly dawned on him the thought that this view of the universe, in all its immensity, old enough

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for its physical history to stretch back over we know not how many millions of millions of years, with our world a tiny speck of sand on a section representing the Milky Way which would be about the size of Long Island on the map he had studied in school—the thought had suddenly occurred to him that, after all, this is a rather small bit of a big world and men and their affairs may not have the tremendous significance we have always assigned to them.

The story suggests one of the difficulties of faith in these days of diffused knowledge. Science and religion have often come to grips—from Galileo's day to Darwin's and our own. But the difficulty is only now seeping into the minds of the masses. Leaders in both spheres of study have, many of them, succeeded in correlating the two kinds of knowledge; men like Agassiz in his day; men like Millikan and Pupin; men like Lord Kelvin, Sir Joseph Thomson, and Eddington, among the scientists; men of religion who have dared to think as well as to worship and pray—these have long since labored over the problem and settled the issue with fair satisfaction to many educated minds. There are still difficulties, but such men are modest enough to remember that all about us are mysteries which human understanding has not yet unveiled, and they still believe—holding to scientific truth and at the same time believing in the Divine Companion.

The mass of people, however, have only just begun to see the difficulties. Probably many of them never gave much thought to the prehistoric world, for example, until Mr. Wells, who wrote more history than he ever read, put the problems before them in vivid pictures. They knew, vaguely, something about evolution, but the Dayton trial impinged it upon their imagination and led them to some stumbling effort to think about it. Difficulties which, for theologians and scientists alike, have passed into history, are just beginning to puzzle plain people, even as they troubled greater men in former generations. And the trouble is all the more real when the problem is that of correlating imperfectly understood scientific facts and imperfectly remembered religious truth. It is, therefore, an age of necessary readjustment in the realm of faith. The questions men ask are as old as the everlasting hills, but they appear now in new form and they are troubling more people. The old difficulties of belief have filtered into the minds of the multitude, and faith is shaken. In a universe so large that our whole solar system is an infinitesimal part of it, with time rolling back into ages millions of years behind, and still other systems unthinkable "light years" distant, man seems lost in the vastness. We find it hard to think of God as a present, personal God, and harder yet to believe that we are of sufficient worth to merit His attention and care. It is interesting to discover that the now famous "Philo Vance" finds a clew to "the Bishop Murders" in the fact that the study of higher mathematics led its professors to regard with indifference the value of single human lives.

II

Once men thus troubled could go back to the Bible and renew their faith. That is, we think that they could and they thought that others did. As plain matter of fact, the religion of the ages of faith was not the religion of a book, but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a religion of tradition, taught in elementary form. With the Reformation and its enthronement of the Bible in the seat of authority, and with the later increase of education and the placing of the Bible in the hands of the reading public, men did indeed go to their Bibles for the renewal of faith. But now the Bible has been dethroned. The mass of folk do not read it, would not understand if they did, and would get little spiritual help from it, however faithfully they read.

This, again, is an old problem lately made new. Scholars have dealt with it for several generations. The Bible has not been discredited, it has been rediscovered. We know, now, that it is a library, not a book. We know that it is a very human collection of literary treasures; we are learning to read it "like any other book," and yet are finding that it is not quite like other books. Curiously enough (at least to those who are not familiar with the reasons which account for the fact) the Catholics, Roman and Anglican, are not specially troubled by the historical criticism of the Bible. They are quite ready to see that there has been an evolution of morals which its pages disclose, and, more important, an evolution of belief. We hear them speak, with calm assurance, of the earlier books of the Old Testament as embodying myth and legend; we know that they discount much of its history; we find them accepting whole-heartedly the newer criticism of the gospels. Their belief never depended upon any particular theory of inspiration, verbal or otherwise. They, also, have a traditional faith.

But the mass of religious Americans have been brought up for centuries on the belief that "the Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants"; they have thought of it as an inspired manual of science and a divinely dictated handbook of history; they have supposed that every word and syllable of the sacred writings has a meaning of its own. And now they are amazed to discover where this leads them—into embarrassing moral problems, into ingenious literary explanations, into disturbing historical inconsistencies. They imagine that the sentence of "falsus in unum, falsus in omnibus" holds true, always and everywhere, and they cannot read with the old peace of mind; so they do not read at all. This has affected their faith in Jesus Christ. Probably many would willingly cast away most of the Old Testament—what do we care, anyway, about the history of those old Jews? (And why should we care, indeed, unless we know that they were the world's religious experts, and naturally, therefore, the race out of which sprang the world's Religious Genius?) But the difficulty is, to cast away the Old Testament and keep the New. And some want desperately to keep that.

How can they? They know little of the story of Christ; indeed, they are amazingly ignorant of the simplest facts of His life—and that, because the men who have written most fascinatingly about Him have written most inaccurately. If they have read about the life of Christ, they have read Emil Ludwig, or the syndicated articles of Will Durant, or a dozen like literary absurdities —and even then have not been among those who could answer satisfactorily Philip's question to the Ethiopian eunuch, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" At any rate, every-day people are so mixed in their minds that they do not quite know what to believe about Jesus Christ—and sometimes they are afraid to find out. With this comes a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great loss in difficult days when we are most apt to turn to God—days of sickness, trouble, sorrow. The old comforting note is gone. It is hard to find the way of peace. Unless Christ's words come with definite authority, they cannot bring assurance—and this, too, in a generation succeeding the Great War, when the problem of suffering and sorrow still darkens life, and men feel keenly, whenever they are quiet enough to think and feel at all, what once they thought of with poignancy only when it touched them close in their own lives. Whether we like it or not, thousands of people are not sure that Christ's voice is a voice of authority, with an everlasting yea.

This, again, means that they feel that much of His teaching is discredited. They have, in large measure, ceased to think of His way of life as a possible way in a rough world like ours. His example is not real to them, in our complicated modern life, with all its social, political, industrial, and economic problems. He seems to many men a visionary—a dreamer whose dreams can never come true. Of course, out of these uncertainties has grown uncertainty, also, as to moral standards, with psychologists lending their influence to a view of life which recognizes no real moral responsibility. This in turn has led to a loss of ethical incentives. Men don't know where they are drifting—and they hardly seem to care. They have little thought of a future life. They don't like to think about it by way of warning. They don't know how to think of it as a splendid hope. They have never dreamed of regarding it as a great spiritual adventure. It is all cloudy, uncertain, vague, indefinite—a mystery nobody can solve—why worry over it? (Though it *will* intrude sometimes, and now and again, in time of sorrow, it becomes a question of supreme urgency.)

Here, notwithstanding, is something about which people can never become wholly indifferent. Everybody has "views," though few seem to press on to definite decisions and convictions. People cannot help talking about religion, even those who never get to close enough grips with it to regard it as the most vitally important thing in the world. The papers are full of religious news; press associations syndicate religious topical columns; business men discuss these articles; national politics become entangled in religious side issues; college men hold "bull sessions" at which this always "live topic" inevitably looms up at the midnight hour as the final subject of discussion; magazines print religious essays; religious books are written and occasionally some of them are read.

III

It is the task of Christian Apologetics to present the case for Christianity in the language and logic of the day. The word Apologetics is unfortunate. It suggests a defense of faith, or an excuse for believing what is difficult of acceptance; whereas it really concerns the reasonable evidences on which we base our faith, and in such a day as ours it should be a proclamation of belief with triumphant certainty. Perhaps we may define Christian Apologetics as the statement of an individual and age-long experience which leads us to act toward Jesus Christ as Lord and Master and believe in Him as God and Saviour.

The grounds of such belief and practice must always be stated in the language of the present generation and by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a method designed to solve present-day problems and answer questions and difficulties uppermost in the minds of those who are living here and now. That will explain the great creeds of the church. They were not circles to keep men out, or fences to defend from attack; they were endeavors to express the faith that was already held and to give a reason for the hope that was in Christian hearts, in such a way as to strengthen the faithful and overcome the doubts of those who were departing from the fellowship. So, as the centuries passed, again and again men sought to find words in which to declare faith in the Christ of their tradition in such a way as to meet the needs of their day. During the Reformation, to be sure, the attempt was made to define everything, in every avenue and lane of thought, with meticulous exactness. It seems absurd to us, but it was quite natural in the period succeeding the schoolmen.

So the late Robert Keable, losing his faith, finding the loss a tragedy, trying to win it back, faced by the apparent heartlessness of nature and life and seeing the disregard, among professing Christians, of the essentials of Christ's teaching, endeavored to restore to the Master a shrine where we may adore Him. Finding this a day impatient of "dogma," practical and plain of sense; he says in effect: We need God; we need just such a God as the Christ of tradition offers us. We need ideals; we can never find better ones than His. We must worship and pray; let us worship Him, and labor and pray to walk His way of life, without asking too many questions. But with most people questions obtrude whether they will or not. Most people cannot worship myths; if they pray, they feel they must be sure they are speaking to a Real Divine Person. Robert Keable does not help them much, but at least he tried to speak out his own halting belief for those who, like him, stumble and try to rise again.

So, again, the Modernists—sympathetic of modern difficulties over miracles, conscious of problems of religion raised by the current psychology, seeking to frame a religious philosophy for trained thinkers; or, on the other hand, to set forth the teachings of Christ as principles rather than precepts and so to show their application to our complex civilization; endeavoring to correlate religion and science, or to give a more reasonable interpretation of the Biblical narrative in the light of historical criticism—are making re-statements of the faith. These are frequently disturbing to the conservative, unsatisfactory to most of the theologically minded, unintelligible to the simple-hearted, disdainful of accepted traditional expressions of the faith which issued out of similar controversies in the distant past, over-confident in discarding "the form of good words"—yet men like Streeter and others of the English school have shown true spiritual adventure in the endeavor to translate into modern terms the essentials of faith, reconciling the new knowledge and the ancient beliefs. Remembering for whom they are writing, leaders of thought who may be real centres of influence, it behooves us to be patient of their efforts, sympathetic rather than critical, with understanding hearts, not a fault-finding spirit. Men have always rebelled against the doctrine of eternal punishment, for example; but they rebelled without making any serious effort to think through the problem. They had very much the attitude of the village agnostic who simply declared that "the American pee-pul would not stand for such a thing." Then

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came Universalism, a doctrine which seems contrary to scriptural teaching and, to the minds of many, deals too lightly with the seriousness of the use of life. Now, we have some of the modern school postulating man's "immortability" rather than his necessary "immortality." This doctrine of conditional immortality, seeing that some men are spiritually awakened and alive to God, while there are others in whom no such awakened life can be discerned, suggests that only those who are alive to God really belong to the life to come. There is a resurrection and a new creation for them, but there may also be a dissolution for others. "Pieces of personality, or of 'soul stuff,' " as one writer puts it, "if not made into soul, or real personality, are dissolved; they fall to pieces, as many things in nature are dissolved, even though used in other ways."

All such theorizing about conditions which are really beyond human knowledge and understanding make some people impatient, or disturbed. I am only pleading that we are to regard such efforts toward a Christian Apologetic with appreciation of their purpose and fuller understanding of the difficulties they seek to meet.

IV

The task which most of us face, as Christian Apologists, is to suggest to the every-day person a pathway to faith. For not only are the religious beliefs of the conventional church member exceedingly vague and hazy and in consequence apt to end in the complete decay of faith; but the difficulties of the more thoughtful are also, as I have said, percolating into the minds of all of us, in and out of the churches, and this moral scepticism is spreading so rapidly that there are signs of its leading to tragic degradation of national character. I suppose the man of average intellect, fair education, thoughtful and of a reasonably serious mind, might approach the problems of religious faith and Christian living in something this fashion:

After all, he would say, I am of importance. Everybody else feels also that his own life is vastly important. When he reads of some social diagnosis that deals with life in the mass, he says, Yes; but what about *me?* That is vital. It may sound selfish, but I am quite as much concerned about myself as I am about the progress of the race.

I am important, then, to myself—and I hope to my friends. All the science and philosophy in the world cannot make me feel that I am not. No matter how many worlds there are, here am I in this one—a person, living, loving, thinking, searching, finding, hurt or helped, honored or ignored, remembered or forgotten, colorful or colorless, a giver or a getter, a constructive social influence or one who is pulling down to lower levels. Here I am and nothing will persuade me that I do not count. Alpha Centauri may be four and a half light years away and this earth a speck in a comparatively small solar system. Mars may once have been inhabited by another race. I am not over-curious to find out. For here am I.

And I count. Count because I am not simply of the earth earthy. I have an inner self—call it soul, or spirit, or anything you will, but it is the real I. Never mind how you define it, or whether we can prove its existence; there it is, a great deal more real than the protons and electrons that scientists tell us make up the universe. If the scientists resolve material things into electrical energy, I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

am doing the same thing in declaring that my inner self, a spiritual thing, is behind and working through the body by which I act.

There I am. And I know that there is purpose in my life. Dr. Watson and others may tell me that I behave as I do because of psychological reactions in the stuff of my material make-up. I know better. I feel sure that in some way nature is saturated with mind and that there is intelligence at the centre of the universe, so to speak; so I know that I have a will; my body is a "spirit-saturated" body. What is the purpose in life? To get comfort? Hardly, because the men who have made the most of life have not always been comfortable or well-to-do. To train the mind through education, and become a factor in the advance of civilization? No, again. Education often does little more than make clever rogues. Somehow I believe (and nothing will convince me that my belief is not correct) that the real purpose of life is the building of character.

Of course I know that I have failed in that task. You may tell me that I was "made that way" and cannot help it. Of course I know that I haven't had as good a chance as some other men, just as I know that others have not had my opportunities; but when I have failed something within troubles me. As yet I am not callous, as some men seem to be, nor do I want to become callous. What troubles me troubles the best of men and troubles them hardest. I am no philosopher, thank God, but I understand sufficient "science of self" to know that I *could* do better and yet do not. I am here to find myself, to make "soul stuff" within. I am here to satisfy needs which are more to me than physical comforts. My task is the realization of myself—ought I not to say, my immortal self? Life was intended to be a school of character.

Again, let me repeat, I know that just here is where I have failed. I have missed the mark. Somebody tells me that "sin" is missing the mark; so I have sinned. Why? I feel, somehow, that it isn't altogether my fault; I am the latest "me" in a line of people who have blurred their better selves. You may call it "original sin," if you will; anyway, I am conscious of its pull. But I also know that I myself am partly to blame. Within me is that sense of self-obscuring which rests upon me as a failure for which I am the one who is responsible. Moreover, when I have "sinned," I have the desire to "get back to normalcy." Some may be so far gone, that the desire has vanished; but it is still there for me. I want to go straight —and this isn't straight.

When a man has reached this point, he is ready to listen to the distinctly Christian message. Is Christ's way of life impossible? Well, the mass of those who have believed in Him have never ceased to be touched and influenced by it and lifted. It haunts even the average man. He may think of it seldom, and think of it, even then, as a dream of impossible beauty; but he wishes it could come true. It may be an idealist's radiant vision of unselfish service and devotion; but, now and again, he wishes that the vision might not vanish, that somewhere, by some one, it could be embodied in a life like his own.

There is where Jesus Christ comes in. We have been told, times without number, that the Sermon on the Mount is the heart of the Gospel. It is not. Because if this is what we all ought to do and be, we are left in the depths of discouragement. Even in the Great

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sermon we read, "If ye then, being evil"——

We are. And although the real Gospel is, part of it, in the Sermon on the Mount, with its assurance of God as a loving Father who forgives and restores, in the main it is found in the other teachings of the Master, with the stories of the lost sheep and the prodigal son; it is in the promise of grace and help to those who have His life in them; it is in the mysterious drawing power of His self-sacrifice and death; it is in His statement about the many mansions of the spiritual realm; it is in the hope of His resurrection; it is in the assurance of the early followers that He declared what He surely knew, and spoke with the voice of God.

V

The new Apologetic must be Christo-centric. It has not been. I preach very often in college chapels. Scores of times members of the congregation have come to me with an expression of thanks for "the first Christian sermon we have had this year." Friends tell me that college preachers come with fine philosophical addresses, or erudite scholarship, or occasionally with old-time evangelistic fervor (or a new-style anxiety to show familiarity with night-club life) to ring the changes on the prodigal son who fed on the husks that the swine did eat; but rarely, they say, is there a simple, sincere presentation of Christ as Master, Lord and Saviour, given with such straight-forward directness and sincerity and evident honesty of belief as to compel the students to see what the Christian Gospel really means.

The early followers of Christ had no doubt as to what it meant. They had walked with their Master through the fields and hills of Galilee, had slept with Him under the evening stars, had talked with Him in the intimacy of daily life, had watched Him at His work of healing, had felt God's nearness as they listened to His teaching, had striven hard to understand. Only after what they believed to be His return in risen glory; indeed, only after He had left them again, could they think out the meaning of their experience. Then they declared that they had seen "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," that when their eyes had gazed into His, and their hands had touched His, they had actually seen and handled the Word of Life.

When I say that our teaching must be Christo-centric, I mean that we must endeavor to come face to face with the mystery of this experience, and ask whether we can find that which will justify a similar act of faith on our part. If we can, we are on the road to the full realization of God. The old theology centred upon Christ's sacrificial life and death—and of course that was essential, as has been indicated in what we have said about sin. The theology of the last half of the nineteenth century emphasized the true humanity of Jesus—it was a move back from excessive emphasis on creeds and dogmas about Christ to fuller recognition of the strong and lovable humanity of the Master. Then we came to the Unappropriated Christ—the teacher whose social gospel contains enough spiritual dynamite to blow our civilization to pieces, unless it shall become more closely moulded to the divine purpose. Now we need the Christ whose life is the unveiling of the heart of deity; who shows us what God is; who tells us that God can be known through Him; whose translation of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thought of God into terms of human living makes it possible to think of God as a personality, to feel more confident of His love and to be sure of His presence. Many of us believe that this is the only sure access to faith in God. We want the God whom Jesus revealed, and we cannot be satisfied with any other. There seems to us no stopping place between this fulness of faith in Christ and blank agnosticism. We have, then, not only the Man Christ Jesus, or the Christ of the Cross, or the Unappropriated Christ, with His social teaching, or the Divine Christ; we have the Inescapable Christ. There He is. You cannot get rid of Him. Men cannot stop thinking about Him, trying to understand Him, making up their minds about Him. He is unique in human history. No other person has presented the problem He presents. No other religion was founded upon a person, as Christianity is.

And He is in no way pushed into the background of our thought by any new views of the Bible or any new discoveries about the probable origin of the gospels. Criticism does not destroy faith in Him; it brings new elements into that faith. The newer theology recognizes more frankly Christ's real humanity, even to the extent of predicating in Him ignorance of matters which had not in His day become a part of our human knowledge. It is frank to recognize that in becoming man He accepted the limitations of humanity and only so much of divine truth as could filter through a perfectly human mind could have been His. It suggests that the divine in Him is like the subconscious in ourselves; only so much of it could come to the surface as is consistent with true human development. He "grew in wisdom"; He was "made perfect through sufferings."

Certainly, so far as the Old Testament is concerned, the frank acceptance of the historical criticism does not invalidate the faith. The composite nature of its writings, the influences and purposes which animated the authors and subsequent editors, the fact that much of its so-called history has been built up from folk-lore and that the creation stories, the story of the fall, the account of the flood, and so on, are ancient myths which had their parallels in Babylonian legends, though as given in the Bible purged of their grosser elements—all this does not touch the Christian faith. Such a Catholic theologian as Bishop Gore can dismiss the story of Jonah with the remark that "of course there is not an atom of history in all this," and he edits a new commentary in which the Book of Esther is treated as a popular romance which "the unbiassed reader will see moves in an atmosphere not very dissimilar from that of the 'Arabian Nights.' " The most orthodox of believers can speak thus of the Old Testament, because while he has been obliged to readjust his views of its writings he has also found that revelation in becoming less mechanical than a previous generation had conceived it to be has become more profound. We see a progress in thought, an evolution in the idea of God, a depth of moral meaning in the prophets, which ordinary literary canons cannot explain.

It is the same with the New Testament. The gospels are not what men once supposed they were. They are not verbally inspired, any more than are the older books. The primitive gospel is that of Mark. Matthew and Luke use his gospel, or another version of it, in the framework of their narrative, adding from a supposed document called Q (Quelle, or Source) and in the case of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Luke from another source called L. Mark is fearless in depicting the humanity of Christ, and bold in his treatment of the apostolic band—recording their dulness, the rebukes which Christ administered to them, the failure of Peter—while the other gospels show a tendency to spare the apostles because of the veneration in which they had come to be held, and to safeguard possible misunderstanding of some things about the Master where Mark displays more fearlessness. All this is, in fact, proof of the very early date of Mark and of its accuracy as re-creating the atmosphere in which the disciples lived and in presenting unmodified their early thoughts; yet it is not inconsistent with the later teaching.

In so brief an article it is not possible to go further into the synoptic problem, or to deal with the problem of the Fourth Gospel. The fact is that the fullest scrutiny of their contents has not affected the essentials of the faith in Christ. That does not depend upon accuracy in the minutiæ of the records, or upon the lack of any verbal discrepancies, or upon the absence of a propagandist spirit in the writers. Faith is rooted in something vastly bigger: an impression of the Central Figure of the narrative almost irresistible, a feeling that there is still in all the narratives a coherence such as one who had not been a witness to the scenes could never have invented, something tremendous though tender, overpowering yet very natural. As we read, we feel that we are touching reality. We read again, and we cannot but feel that something amazingly moving and profound had happened to the disciples. They had passed through experiences the like of which can be found nowhere else. We read and discover in each of the gospels the same impression of authority and power on the part of the Master, the same claim that "all things have been delivered to Him of the Father," the same purpose in training His followers to trust Him so completely that He finally came to hold in their hearts the place which God alone can possess, the same attitude on their part which made them act toward Him according to this deliberate intent, as finding in Him "all the values of God."

You can't get away from this. It does not depend upon theories of inspiration. It is quite as strong, in whatsoever sense we read the gospels. It is the belief which Paul expounded in his undisputed letters—which really antedate the gospel narratives. It does not depend upon stories of a miraculous birth; the apostles had come to believe in the deity of Christ long before they knew anything about Him save through their companionship with Him during the years of His ministry. When the birth story was told, it was something which came as an added assurance to men who were searching their simple, honest hearts in the effort to understand the mystery of their experience.

Nothing has shaken the essential truth of this picture of Christ. Let me make the statement a personal confession of faith by saying that last year in writing a Life of Christ for the new generation I went over the gospels again and again, in the light of modern criticism, with acceptance of most of its principles, with every effort to free my mind from previous conceptions or past prejudices—and still this same Figure dominated the scene. I read, with full appreciation of all its inconsistencies and seeming contradictions, the story of the resurrection, and there again the Figure stood still dominant. I ended the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

search sure that something had happened and so sure of the One to whom it had happened that I can confidently believe in God through Him. I cannot understand how any one can be only mildly interested in a thing so tremendous. I do not see how those who say they believe can fail to shout such a faith defiantly, jubilantly, with victorious purpose.

A Certain Mountain Chief

BY STRUTHERS BURT

Horace M. Albright, director of the National Park Service, "One of the most remarkable Americans alive."

I HAVE a ranch forty miles south of the southern border of Yellowstone Park, in what is known as the Jackson Hole country of Wyoming. Up until the war I lived there continuously, and since the war I am out there almost every summer. As a result I know a good deal about Yellowstone Park and am within its borders four or five times a year. I know most of the rangers; I know the hotel people; and especially I know the man, Horace M. Albright, who, until a few months ago, was the park superintendent. He is one of my best friends. I have ridden with him, stayed with him, talked and argued with him, and fought side by side with him for over ten years, and I haven't the slightest hesitation in saying that he is one of the most remarkable Americans alive. We will hear more about him as time goes on.

On January 12, last, this superintendent of Yellowstone Park was appointed director of the National Park Service by the secretary of the interior, Roy O. West, to succeed the Honorable Stephen T. Mather, whose resignation, due to illness, had been accepted. This was an inevitable step because, ever since the inception of the National Park Service as a separate bureau of the Interior Department in 1917, Mr. Albright had been Mr. Mather's right-hand man and, besides being superintendent of Yellowstone, had been assistant director, field. This means that under Mr. Mather he had entire charge of all the field operations of the national parks. He knows all there is to know about his present job; there will be no need for adjustment.

Not long ago an Englishman, a very intelligent one, and one who has lived in this country twenty years and so has a sympathetic point of view, after a number of national compliments, made the inevitable complaint that perhaps the most serious fault of the United States was that the best men did not go into the government service. He meant especially into politics, but his remark was comprehensive. I did not challenge it. It is too common a remark to chal-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lenge, except possibly in print. It is a remark, as well, made by eighty out of every hundred Americans. Partly it is the result of ignorance, but largely it is the result of a tradition and the fact that most people see what they are looking for. Such premises are difficult to destroy unless you have plenty of time and space. Until recently the temper of the world has been tory and aristocratic; it stands to reason, therefore, that democratic governments have come in for more than their fair share of condemnation. They are bad enough, but they are not half so bad as people think them. At all events, whenever this remark is made, I laugh to myself, because I happen to know Albright and numerous other government men. Laying aside the truth that even the political side of our government averages fairly well up, both in performance and personnel, with the political side of other governments, when you come to higher endeavor, to a higher stratum of men—to wit, the expert, the scientist, the departmental chief—you have probably as fine a type of man as you can find and as unselfish a one.

It cost the late director of national parks, Mr. Mather, about forty thousand dollars a year of his private income to maintain his position. He did not have to spend this much, but, having it, he spent it to promote socially, internationally, and practically the influence of his bureau. Mr. Mather bought thousands of acres of timber-land to prevent their destruction. The present director, the Honorable Horace M. Albright, has proven himself such a distinguished executive that every year he is offered positions that would pay him twice as much as he is now receiving.

If you wish to restore somewhat your faith in your own country, go down to Washington, or out into the field, and study for a while our government bureaus at work. Here are unselfish men, directed by clear and bright burning passions.

You remember the old saying that if you wish a sober son you should be a drunkard yourself? I always think of this when I think of Albright. His forebears, to be sure, were sober folk and hardworking, but one of them, his grandfather, cut trees and cut them ruthlessly. He was unaware what a service he was doing to his country. This story, it seems to me, is an important one and dramatic.

But first, let us have a look at this man—this new Director of National Parks—before we go on to tell where he was born and why he has such a deep-rooted aversion to the destruction of natural beauty; why he would rather have his present job than any other in the world.

He is a tall and stalwart Californian, and, unlike most Californians, nationally, not locally, minded; also, unlike most Californians, he is extremely modest. When he wears glasses, which he does a good deal of the time, you think him scholarly and shy. When he takes his glasses off you see about as sharp a pair of eyes as you can imagine, a great deal of humor in their depths. He is neither lean nor heavy, although he weighs about one hundred and eighty pounds. You do not think him so big, either physically or spiritually, until you come close to him. He is one of the youngest of departmental chiefs—he is only thirty-nine. He has a wife and two children—a son, aged ten, and a daughter, aged seven. He and Mrs. Albright were classmates at the University of California in 1912. He has an infinite amount of patience, an infinite amount

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of tact; he is readily accessible, he will hear anybody's story, he is beautifully just, and he never loses his temper until there is nothing else to do. Then look out. He is a catamount. Also, he never fails to get what he wants. He is practically unbeatable. I have just seen him win a ten-year fight. Eight times at least during those ten years every one said he was defeated.

In thirteen years this new departmental chief and his predecessor, Mr. Mather, turned the National Park Service, from an experimental and unconsidered branch of the Interior Department—not even a separate bureau—into one of the largest and most powerful bureaus of the Interior Department. It is among the proudest achievements of the United States. The present director is one of the most adroit and human, if invariably honest, politicians I have ever met and one of the few first-class fighting men. For the last few years, during Mr. Mather's illness, and now even more so, he has been in control of thousands of square miles and of millions of people—for all the year, the hundreds of employees, rangers, clerks, and so on of the National Park Service; during the summer, the millions of tourists who frequent the parks—and I have yet to see him or hear of him using that power in any but a wise, just, kindly, and far-sighted fashion. He loves beauty and decent procedure in every way as much as he loves them where his beloved trees and mountains are concerned.

He comes of an old pioneer family, an Argonaut family. His maternal grandfather, Horace Marden, for whom he was named and who, innocently and in a reverse fashion, taught him his love of conservation, came of a ship-building clan near Belfast, Maine. This grandfather, in 1852, when he was twenty years old, went to California by way of the isthmus of Nicaragua and became a miner in the California gold-camps on the Mother lode. Albright's mother was born in the little town of Mokelumne Hill just a short distance from San Andreas, Jimtown, and the other mining-camps made famous by Bret Harte and Mark Twain. Ten years later the grandfather worked his way across the Sierra Nevada Mountains by way of the Sonora Pass and established one of the first sawmills on the Nevada side. For many years he was engaged in mining, milling, and transportation in western Nevada and in the mining-camps of California beyond the mountains. Eventually he moved into northern California and definitely entered the lumber business.

Albright's father, of a New York family, was born in Canada, near Montreal, and also emigrated to the West when he was only twenty years old, at first settling at Virginia City, Nev. Here he practised the profession of mining engineering.

Extraordinary to think that in this fashion so young a man as the present director of national parks links us up with all the roaring and searching life of the extreme Far West.

Albright himself was born in the little mining town of Bishop, Inyo County, Calif., on January 6, 1890. Inyo County is unique in that it contains the highest and lowest points in the United States proper—Mount Whitney, 14,496 feet above sea-level, and Death Valley, 276 feet below sea-level. Just over the range are the Yosemite and Sequoia National Parks. It was in those mountains that the future director of national parks spent his boyhood, and he was thirteen years old before he ever saw a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

town or a railroad train. Then he went to Sacramento with his mother, and it took them three days to cover the five hundred miles. They went by means of the Carson & Colorado Railroad, a narrow-gauge railway that had the comfortable habit of stopping completely at night at a junction point called Hawthorne and putting the engine safely away in a roundhouse. Everybody went to the hotel and then, the next morning, went on. The conductor of the train was the present governor of Nevada, Governor Balzar.

But the really important event of this biographical tale—the point of it—was when, not long after the Sacramento trip, Albright went up to visit his grandfather, engaged in logging on the slopes of Mount Shasta. Occasionally he speaks of his first glimpse of that shining peak and the impression it made on him, and of how his grandfather's business decided for him his life-work. As he talks he becomes grim. He saw magnificent forests swept away, he saw green and beautiful places turned into deserts, he saw forest fires due solely to man's carelessness, he saw wild life destroyed and streams turned to dry rock-beds, and then and there he determined that if he could ever prevent such wantonness he would. He has been preventing it ever since—that is, ever since he graduated from the University of California. No wonder he's a dangerous man for the lumber-hog, the scenery-hog, the ruthless promoter everywhere.

During his boyhood, however, and during his college vacations he helped promote this destruction, so he knows all about it. He worked for his grandfather as a "swamper" and "big-wheel loader." His grandfather had a contract to put logs into the mills for the timber owners. The owners cared nothing for the land on which their timber grew, they thought nothing of the second crop, and they would not pay for piling the brush or other forms of fire protection. The logging contractor bid on putting the logs onto the cars at so much a thousand, and naturally got his logs out as cheaply as possible. Limbs, tops, rotten logs, and so on were left where they fell. Inevitably, within a year or two, fire swept the country. Nor is this method of logging completely antedated even now, despite the rules of the Forest Service and the numerous lumbermen who have learned better, some of whom have become the most active of conservationists. There are still numerous private properties where this stupid waste goes on, and nowadays this stupid waste is even worse, for tractors and other machines destroy the underbrush as well.

In 1908 Albright went to the University of California and specialized in history, political science, and law. Afterward he took a post-graduate course in law at the University of California and Georgetown University. Upon graduating, he secured employment in the Department of the Interior and was assistant attorney dealing with national-park matters until, in January, 1915, Mr. Mather became assistant to the secretary of the interior, in charge of national parks, when he was assigned to him as assistant and legal adviser. Between them, with the help of one stenographer and the assistance of the chief clerk of the department and his staff, these two men inaugurated the national-park policies which are in effect today, and built, from the bottom up, this magnificent and triumphant service.

It is a large job Albright has had and has before him. I have called him "a mountain chief" and the term is no ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aggeration. Save for his inability to make war there is no Balkan king who, in power, extent of dominions, or number of subjects, can touch him. I once took a Dane through Yellowstone Park. We were there three days and all the while he was silent and constantly observant, as Danes are. At the end of those three days he remarked: "My God, here is a country bigger than Denmark, and not a custom-house nor a cent charged for admission!"

There are twenty-one national parks, and two in the making—the Great Smoky National Park, in North Carolina and Tennessee, and the Shenandoah, in Virginia. The national parks now functioning range in age from Hot Springs, in Arkansas, created in 1832, and Yellowstone, in Wyoming, created in 1872, down through Zion, in Utah, Lafayette, at Bar Harbor, Maine, and Grand Canyon, in Arizona, created in 1919, to Bryce Canyon, in Utah, created only a few months ago, in September, 1928, and the Grand Teton in western Wyoming, the bill creating which President Coolidge signed on February 26, 1929. Lafayette, I believe, has changed its name to Acadia in honor of the Evangeline country. These parks differ in size from the diminutive Hot Springs, already mentioned, and the equally diminutive Platt, in southern Oklahoma, and Sully's Hill, in North Dakota, the areas of which respectively are only 1½, 1⅓, and 1⅕ square miles, to the huge Glacier, with its area of 1,534 square miles; Yosemite, 1,125 square miles; Mount McKinley, in Alaska, 2,645 square miles; and the giant of them all —Yellowstone—with an area of 3,348 miles, not counting about 80 square miles just added but not surveyed. A total area of 12,101 square miles, or a territory larger than the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Delaware combined. With the accession of the two new parks, Great Smoky and Shenandoah, this area will be much larger. And this great territory is scattered in twenty-one administrative units from Acadia, in Maine, to Hawaii National Park, created in 1916.

Besides these twenty-one national parks there are thirty-two national monuments administered by the National Park Service, not counting the numerous national monuments and national military parks at present administered by the Department of Agriculture and the War Department, most of which will be eventually turned over to the Park Service. Indeed, from a small and despised bureau in 1917, this Park Service, as I have said, has become the greatest "pure" conservation factor we have. I use the term "pure" conservation because the Forest Service, whose splendid work must not in any way be minimized, is primarily a commercial bureau and not a strictly conservative, recreational, or monumental one.

As to the citizens, temporary or otherwise, of this huge domain, there were, in 1928, 2,522,188 visitors, or part-time citizens, about 200 permanent rangers, and the following natives: 25,000 elk, 18,000 deer, 7,500 sheep, 5,000 caribou, 1,000 buffalo, 600 black bear, 625 antelope, 650 moose, and 150 grizzly. The game figures are taken from a census of early 1928, and since then all these species have increased.

I have gone with Albright on his inspection trips through the clear, cool mornings of the Yellowstone. He can do more in a day and be at more places than most men. The speed laws in the national parks are very strict, but Albright breaks them. If he didn't break

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them, he couldn't do what he does. I have said that he was tactful, but at the same time he is a fearless and precise executive. On one occasion last summer when I went up to see him, headquarters at Mammoth Hot Springs told me over the telephone—I was in the south of the park about a hundred miles away—that he was in Yosemite but expected back that day. I had hardly left the ranger station where the telephone was, when Albright, in his official car, came out of the forest road. "I've been away from this place," he said, "for a week, and things aren't going as they should. I'm covering all of it before I go home."

The next day I had an appointment with him at his office in Mammoth Hot Springs. The appointment was at ten o'clock in the morning, but I couldn't see Albright until noon. His office was crowded with men. When they came out I recognized the heads of the various departments and concessions of Yellowstone. They were chatting and smiling and calling back: "Good-by, Horace." They were in the best of humors. When Albright came out I asked him what he had been doing; "I've been giving them hell," he said; and he had, but the point was that he had sent them away smiling.

The first time I met Albright was many years ago, just after the war. My partner and myself had gone to Washington to protest against something Albright wanted. We had made a long and special trip for the purpose. Albright had just served his initial year as the first civilian superintendent of Yellowstone since 1886—between 1886 and Albright's time the park had been administered by various cavalry colonels and their regiments. Being Far-Westerners by training, both my partner and myself were suspicious of Albright and the government in general. We went to see a man very much interested in national parks. "Look here," he said, "there's a young fellow in Washington for a few weeks you ought to meet."

"Who's that?"

"Albright."

Both my partner and myself said in the same breath: "He's the last man in the world we want to meet."

"But you ought to meet him—hear his point of view, anyhow."

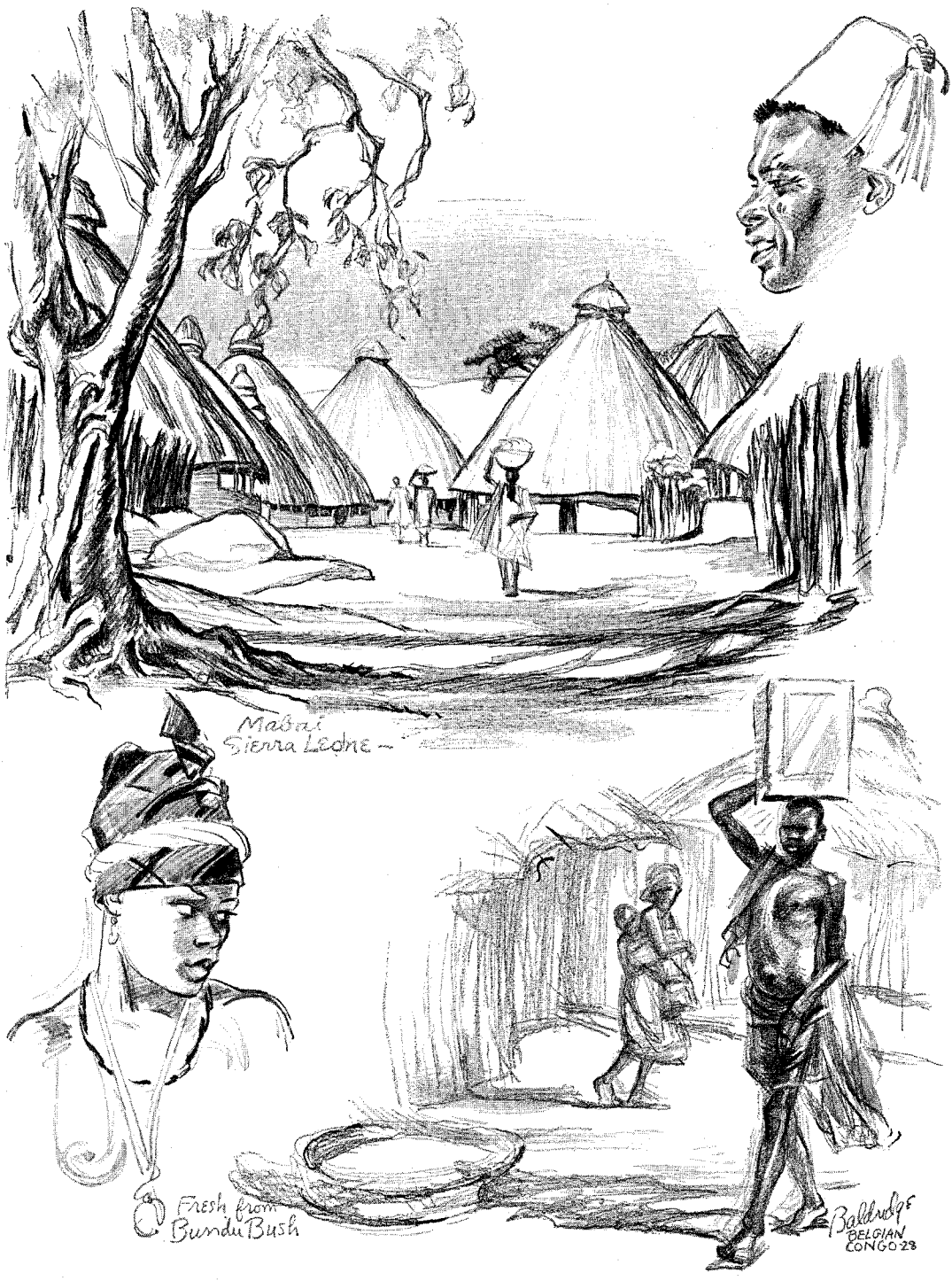
Finally we were persuaded. Sceptically we met him at his club at 2 P. M. We sat there all afternoon, we had dinner with him, we talked until nine o'clock, when he had to catch a train. When we left we were his henchmen and have been so ever since. Here was no mere bureau chief, no cheap promoter of government publicity, nor, on the other hand, a reforming crank or conservational fanatic. Here, instead, was a large, human, humorous, experienced young man with a passion for trees, animals, mountains, and beauty, yet, at the same time, with the common sense to try to find a happy medium between this solitary passion and the allowing of others to see trees, animals, mountains, and beauty too; and, in their turn, acquire possibly some share of his own love and knowledge.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawings made by Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge during a fourteen months' trip in the region described in "An African Savage's Own Story."

Of this set he writes: "In Zaria, Northern Nigeria, a walled city of 85,000 with houses of colored mud overlaid with Arabian designs, the Emirs have ruled since the fifteenth century. . . . There was a moment of embarrassment in the palace when the Emir, a Mohammedan, receiving us, had to decide whether he dared shake hands with my wife without being held in scorn by the True Believers. . . ."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Two hundred and fifty miles inland, in Sierra Leone, we lived in the mud house of the chief, sharing accommodations with his seven wives. Amid primitive conditions of great severity, baked by continuous tropical heat, enervating for black and white alike, and with insufficient food-supply, these bush people live in pleasant decency and offer touching hospitality. . . . A village spotlessly clean . . ." writes Mr. Baldridge.

The artist and his wife went from port to port on tramp steamers and made journeys into the interior, finally following the equator across to the East coast.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An African Savage's Own Story

A MATING IN THE JUNGLE

BY BATA KINDAI AMGOZA IBN LOBAGOLA

THE vivid narrative that follows takes the reader at once into the depths of the African jungle. There, while the tom-toms beat, and wild chanting fills the air, a strange marriage ceremony takes place. This is a barbaric mating, polygamous and rude, without pretense of affection of any kind, a mating whose brutality shocks the sensitivities of our race. Native superstition enters, and develops a human tragedy whose poignant memory remains to-day in the thoughts of the black author, whose civilization, he says, is still only a thin veneer.

In the earlier chapters of his remarkable story Ibn LoBagola, of the *Emo-yo-Quaim,* or "Strange People," told of his birth in unvisited jungle regions south of the Niger; of his journey at the age of seven through the Bush and the open regions to the Gulf of Guinea; of his being kidnapped by accident and taken to Scotland; of his four years in Scotch surroundings; and of his return to Africa, where he found crude savage life and harsh fetich laws repulsive. Having been accused by his jealous brother, and a small boy who gave false witness, Ibn LoBagola managed, through his father's help, to escape condemnation by merciless witch doctors and fierce native courts of justice. To please his father he consents to marry six wives, one of whom, a girl named Gooma, had once saved him from a man-eating lion.

The "civilized savage" appends to the narrative one of the folk-lore stories he heard as a boy when he sat by the village fire in the heart of the Ondo Bush. That simple folk-lore tale reveals the wisdom and the idealism of man, the reaching toward self-sacrifice that characterizes the jungle as it does civilization.

FREDERICK HOUK LAW.

IV

THE statement of my father that not a drop of my blood should be shed meant that he did not wish that my case should cause the death of me or of any one else of his family.* In order that his demand to call a "Circle" might be carried out, O-Lou-Wa-Li, the old chief, had to obtain the consent of the King, and it was not likely that the King would revive an old custom, like the "Circle," unless he himself were directly concerned; and then another thing, the life of a member of the family of one of the King's noblemen was at stake, and that nobleman had opposed extreme measures. As O-Lou-Wa-Li knew all this, he contented himself by asking that the council have its wish.

The council did not take long in deciding the case. The result was that my poor brother had his beard plucked out in public, and the little fool boy had his tongue slit half way down the middle,

*See SCRIBNER'S for May, page 538.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for telling a malicious lie. My father held a three days' festival over the outcome of the case, because Gooma and I were vindicated and permitted to continue preparing for our marriage.

My back was still sore from the severe floggings that I had received in the ordeal. At that time I soon forgot it. Was not Gooma to be my bride? But now, I can never forget.

I was eager to leave my country again because everything offended me. The difficulty arose as to how I was going to get out safely. My father would never give me safe conduct, and I was sure that he would oppose any one who tried to help me go away, but I did not worry much about it then. I had to wait for marriage, at least, before I could even think of leaving home again.

I acted as if I were going on a picnic when the time came for my marriage, with its trials and feasts. Little did I dream that it was for a funeral that I was preparing. Yes, a funeral, indeed, for did they not murder the flower of womanhood? Was I not the innocent cause of breaking the heart of a true man, by proving, through a barbarous, brutal, heathenish, black Fetich custom, that his daughter had broken her virginity? I do not mean that she had been unfaithful. I mean that natural causes and not infidelity, as they all thought, brought the accusation. But you cannot convince the people in my country that nature does things: they are too suspicious to understand natural effects.

Gooma grew up to full maturity, and the time came for the nuptials.

When a boy takes a wife, he must prove her virginity in the open before the people. Now Gooma had no mother waiting at home for the familiar sound of rejoicing that all mothers love to hear, when their daughters have been proved pure; no mother, to have a broken heart, if the report came that the girl had been impure and must be drawn and opened; no mother to allay her fears or to comfort her.

The fatal night came, after fourteen long months (a native year) of waiting and wearing the mask of chastity. Gooma passed the preliminary test of the match-makers, and so did I, but it was generally thought that the girl would be more than a match for me.

There was one strong reason why my father was anxious to get me married, and that was to save me from disgrace. According to my people, I had disgraced myself by going far away across the sea, and then returning, wearing clothes that came from another people. My father had a difficult task to convince the Fetich doctor that I was his son, and that I did not have evil spirits. So his first step was to get me married to my already betrothed wives, and he had set the beautiful Gooma as my last, called "The Bride."

Of course I went through the ceremony all right, but I hardly realized what it was all about.

I was too young to dispute with my father; in fact, too young to even ask why; so on with the show. The crowd gathered; then there were the beat of tom-toms and the chanting of old hags who had matched us, each one separately! It was all bewildering, so that I did not realize what I was really doing.

The young maidens stood waiting ready to hasten away to the girl's mother, who is not allowed to be present, but waits patiently at her own house for the welcome sound of the words, "The Spirit has given you a valiant daughter, Bravo!"

In the meantime I was being talked to by the old men, who praised me for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what I had done, saying *Okuruni,* meaning, "Big fellow!"

The girl was led out, with much ceremony and clapping of hands and singing. Then I was led out. The same old cry of *A-Kit-Chun-Day-O Ya Sukuo Kani* was heard, meaning, "The Spirit has given you a valiant daughter, Bravo!" We were taken away again, I by the old men, and the girl by the old wenches.

It is not always that a boy is given six girls to marry at the same time. In my case it was different, because I had been out of my own country, and my father was not quite sure about my intentions; therefore he was eager to tie me up in order to maintain the respect of the Fetich people. So my ordeal was quite a strain, considering everything.

The next three girls were led forward, and everybody stopped to eat and feast. Remember, I had still one more to wed, and she was like Katherine the Shrew, at least so many thought, or like a Queen. No one expected anything unusual or startling to happen; in fact, when the match-maker reported Gooma's condition, she said that the girl was very happy and was talking of what she was going to make for her husband's first meal, and how anxious she was to live with him. Gooma showed no sign of fear or embarrassment, which made every one respect her. The moment arrived. When the big gong and the tom-tom, covered with human hide, sounded, some rushed about the scene, while others kept on dancing.

Then the music and singing ceased, and the place was quiet; I remember distinctly, that a sort of fear crept over me, for I could not understand what it was all about. No speaking, no jokes. When some young fellow began to make a little fun, they all glared at him for it. Just like a funeral! What had happened? what was going to happen? I couldn't understand.

But I soon found out; how, I don't know; but I found out just the same. It was the lovely Gooma who was being led into the circle. One old man said that she would attempt to kill me, so I would have to hit her to quiet her. They all tried to impress me how difficult it would be for me to rule her. As for me, I thought different; I don't know why, but I felt that I should be able to live with this flower better than with any other. I was inclined to be soft and tender with this particular girl, and always to treat her kindly. Perhaps I was inclined to love her; who knows? I was too young to know what it all meant.

Gooma leapt out, laughing merrily; in other cases like that, when a girl is so cheerful at that particular time, every one else feels good also, and they shout words of encouragement to the girl, such as: "That's a fine girl! Keep a good heart, my girl!" and such endearing remarks. But in this case, not one, no, not one remark passed. I noticed this, but I did not understand, and no one else understood either. There were no scowls nor scornful looks, but only looks of awe and bewilderment.

The old chief, O-Lou-Wa Li, had great things in store for his favorite child, that he claimed as his own, but who was nevertheless no blood kin to him whatsoever. He roamed about the compound, arranging to hear the welcome news of the child's marriage. He had to take the place of both father and mother, for Gooma had no mother. He was not present during the ceremony, but he was very happy. He had planned to set a precedent in the marriage customs in our country, by giving me a present, instead of letting me or my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

father send one to him; as is the usual case.

Who would ever have dreamt that I, the black boy who was getting married, one day would be telling the whole world about Gooma? She had many names, some of which are: "The Evil One"; "The Enticer of Goodness"; "Kin to the Female Monkey"; "The Cunning One"; "The Temptress"; "The Bold"; "The Brazen"; "Faithful Enemy to Good"; "The Amazon," etc. These and other worse names had been thrown at this splendid girl.

She took her place as the other girl had done and waited for the ceremony. I can't say just what it was, but some force moved me on, and yet my cheerfulness was affected, for I was heavy-hearted. When I took my place with Gooma, why, the good girl actually embraced me! Now this action was against all rules of native etiquette. What other girl would do such a thing, even if she felt that way, except Gooma? This girl always did something different from other girls, but always before had kept within the bounds of the *taboo* laws. Then Gooma stood, and moved no more. To the people her act meant that in their eyes she could not be a wife. Gooma had fallen. Gooma, poor Gooma! the sweet, gentle, loving Gooma, was lost! at least, lost to me! When I learned it, I wept, I don't know why, but I cried hard.

Picture the scene, the people, the match-maker, who heaped curse upon curse on the head of the impulsive girl, barely eleven years old, so different from all the other girls of our race. All the women folk were bitter in denunciation, while the men contented themselves with this remark: "What is a woman, but a feather, beautiful to look at?"

The men took me back to the house and explained all that had happened, and how Gooma had broken the great Fetich law. I cried and repeated, and shall do so until I die: *Da Ke-Dep,* meaning, "It's a lie!"

The same yell went up as in all cases of this kind, only the people shouted louder than usual; *Wahada Situ Ko-Ra-Raha,* which means: "One girl has gone bad!"

It was a lie, Gooma had not gone bad; it was just the impulsive act of a girl of a different race, who had lived a wild natural life. Gooma had not gone bad.

I believe that I was the only one that kissed the hand of old chief, O-Lou-Wa-Li, at this hour of anguish for him. Of course, I was not able to do anything. I had to listen to the older men, who condemned Gooma. It never dawned upon those thick, ignorant, stupid heathens that they might be wrong. They were our leaders, our wise men. I did not know then, but I know now, that Gooma was as innocent and as pure as any girl that ever walked, but she was the unfortunate victim of circumstances.

At that time I was only thirteen, and I only knew what I had been taught by the older men and my father. I believed the men, and I believed my own father, but something within me impelled me to say out loud: "It's a lie. Gooma is a good girl for a wife."

The old chief killed himself, Gooma was unsexed, and put into the King's compound. She became one of the King's chief Amazon fighters and counsellors. I still say I had six wives, but only five lived in my compound, while Gooma lived with the King. Gooma was a Princess by birth, for her real father, the chief of his people, had fallen under the assegai of old chief O-Lou-Wa-Li.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My father did not live long after then; he felt that he had completed his share when he had me, his strange son, safely married. But he little knew what thoughts and aspirations were nursed in my bosom. He had not weighed in his mind the change that I was undergoing, and had undergone. He little dreamed that when I looked at his naked body, I felt a kind of disgust.

I had been out of my country for four long years among other people, and the change in me was noticeable. I wore clothes, scantily, of course, but clothes, nevertheless. These and many other habits made every one look on me with distrust and superstitious fear, and it was that superstitious fear that saved me in many disputes with the Fetich doctors, who tried to make it *taboo* to enter my compound, or to listen to my talk.

But after all, I am of my father, and he was a man of distinction, and of noble birth among his people, and I was also a part of the people of my country; therefore it was impossible to *taboo* me. I admit that I provoked hostile feeling, through indulging in my civilized habits, such as sleeping on a cot-bed, sitting on a chair, wearing trousers instead of a kaf-tan, and burning a lamp that I kept on a camp table. Most of the things I had brought with me from Europe, however, had been destroyed. I ate my food in the presence of my women, for I had become used to the company of women, having lived in Scotland where the woman is the head of the house. I ate off a plate, and used a knife and fork.

Being the youngest son of my father's bride, I have the birth-right of my father, and I am allowed to use his name, and may call myself "Chief," under native law. If I had never left my country again, I should have become a community chief.

My brothers and sisters are all in Africa, and I am sure that they have no desire ever to leave there, but I am more of a stranger to them than I am to any one else. I have never regretted the loss of any of the wives that I married, except Gooma, who, I still feel, is my bride, my last and my principal wife. But the children of these wives are my chief concern, and I often yearn to see them. I am the father of fourteen boys. My children I love, but I never did love my wives: who could love six?

Sometimes, even now, my thoughts go back to the stories we used to hear about the village fires at night, with the wild light leaping up and making dreadful shadows. Here is one of them.

HOW A MONKEY SHOWED LOYALTY TO HIS TRIBE

Once upon a time, there lived far in the Bush, an old ape. This old ape had been a guard for the tribe for many a long moon. It was said, that he had once been chief of the herd, but through indiscretion, he had fallen from that high station. It was known among all the animal people, that he had no male offspring, and this was one of the reasons why he had lost his high place. Even the young monkeys treated him with scorn, because their parents had taught them to look down on him. To remedy the wrongs of this old monkey would have been like trying to pick up scattered feathers that the wind blew about. His age, no one could guess; he seemed older, and yet appeared younger, than anything else that lived in the Bush. He was able to do anything that another monkey could do, and do it without effort, although the others were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

younger than he. He was noted for wisdom above all the elders in the tribe. His memory was like the rubber, going back farther than the memory of the elephant. Who really knew this fellow? No one did. Who ever knew as much as this chap? No one did. He was referred to in every dispute, and his opinions were taken as the final word. Yet he was the buff and sport of all the monkey people. When he tried to gain praise for some wise suggestion, it brought upon him abuse and ridicule from every monkey in the tribe. His names were many, such as, "The Wise Fool," "The Cunning Fraud," "The Make-Believer," "The Wicked One," "The Seducer," "The Liar," "The Friend of Man," and for a monkey to be a friend of man is considered, among the monkey people, to be in the lowest depths, because monkeys *hate* human beings.

After a time, the monkey people became so cruel to the old monkey that he had to find another place, but one monkey tribe will never show hospitality to a monkey from another tribe. So it was useless for him to seek a home with other monkeys. They drove him away, and some of the females tried to encourage the males to put him to death, because they said that no good could ever come out of anything so evil as that old deceiver. Every day the women spied on him or sent children to spy on him, so that they could report all his actions to the men in the tribe. If he was seen speaking with the elephant, or the lion, or even the innocent gazelle, they pretended to the tribe that he was plotting against them.

One day, out of despair, he wandered quite a distance away, and became so tired that he climbed a large vine and began thinking of his former state, and of all he had lost, and he began to weep. He felt as if he would like to give up all and die; but he said to himself that he would like to do something first, in order to prove to his tribe that he still loved them, and that he was not so bad as they made him out to be. While he was thus thinking, he heard some talking, and he lay quiet and listened. It was the voice of the snake, and by it he discovered that he was resting just over a house of horned vipers.

It appeared that one of the snake couriers had brought news and orders from the chief of their tribe, saying that all snakes should muster together and be ready to make a raid on the village of the great apes. He heard one snake say that it would be a good thing to drive these cowards from the Bush, as they were getting so bold that they began to think they were the owners of the Bush. And another snake said that this was the best time for the raid, because the great apes were unguarded, for one of the young snakes had said he had seen the old guard wandering away, far from his village, all by himself; therefore, if that were so, he must have been driven away, for no monkey would venture away from his people, alone, otherwise. Now was the time to strike, and to strike hard.

The old monkey, hiding up in the vine, heard all this, and wondered what to do; for he could not get away from his hiding place without being seen, and if he were seen by a snake, he knew that they would make short work of him. But he thought that if he could just give the alarm to the tribe, why that would be sufficient to save all his people from the horrible death that was planned for them. By this means, he could show his loyalty to them. So he made a dash to get by, but he was detected at the first move he made. In

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his excitement to get away, his arm was caught in a vine, and he was overtaken by a young viper who struck at him. But when you are frightened, you know that your strength becomes double. The old monkey pulled and tugged until he got himself loose, but not before the young snake had struck him several times, which meant that he had to die.

When the old monkey had freed himself, from the vine, he ran as fast as his legs would carry him, screaming the warning, and yelping with pain. The warning, you know, is *Oo-Lou-Wi!* meaning, "I see danger!" Now he had to run far, and when he reached the camp, everybody had prepared themselves to flee, because they had heard the warning yells from afar. When the old monkey arrived, just at the opening of the village, he dropped down from exhaustion, and from the effects of the poison that had been sent through him by the stinging he received from the young snake.

In the meantime, the whole snake family came on the run, for they believed that they could overtake the old monkey before he arrived at his camp. On the other hand, all the other monkeys in camp derided and abused the old guard, and accused him of playing a trick on them to get back into the tribe for shelter and protection. One monkey said that if they had known that it was that base faker who had given the warning, they would not have prepared to break up camp and run. While this was being said, the snakes came near the monkey village, but no monkey cared to heed the warning of the faithful old guard.

Then the chief monk came to question him before he died, and the chief was inclined to believe his story about overhearing a plot by the snakes. But as is always the case in such affairs, a woman must interfere, and so a female monk, who saw the chief interesting himself in the old guard, cried out loud to the chief: "Father chief, do come away from that friend to a man! What mother was it that gave birth to such a one, so full of devils? Why, he even tells you a lie without blushing!" This derision made the chief turn his back on the old guard; and the old chap bit his arm in anguish, until the blood ran, and he sprinkled it at the entrance of their village, which means a curse on those inside. This is customary among native people as well as monkeys. And the old guard died, without a friend, and in disgrace by his people.

The snakes came in upon the tribe from all sides, and not one of the monkeys escaped being stung, and all died horrible deaths. When the chief snake saw the old monkey guard lying in his own blood at the entrance to their village, he remarked: "It is just like a monkey, to cut off his nose to spite his face."

After my marriage I took my five wives to my compound and my father secured fourteen "followers" for me, according to custom in my home. I could not very well leave these five wives of mine before a month had passed, so I settled down to domestic life, as best I could. I longed now to get away from the horror of savage life, but I dared not tell my father of my intentions, and it was not safe to confide in any one of the villagers, because my father would have been called upon to make a feast in honor of my departure.

The only thing left for me to do was to confide in my wives. Giving such confidence is a thing that a man can do in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my country very easily, because he can trust his wives with a secret, trustworthiness being a redeeming feature among our women. I called my five wives together and told them that I had to make a visit to another community, and that I should not return before several moons, as the way was long and dangerous. One of the girls said: "I knew that he had wives somewhere else," and the other girls cried out: "Salute your other wives for us; we hope that you find your children well."

I was flabbergasted, because I had not imagined my wives thinking such a thing. However, that is the native way of thinking, and I was not sufficiently advanced to teach the girls anything different.

I asked my "followers" to guide me, but they were afraid at first. I explained that I had to go, and that I did not ask my father for an escort because he would be afraid of losing me again, and might refuse. So the "follower" whom I had made head-man in my compound volunteered to take me out of the country, as he said that he knew the Bush well, and that he would see that no harm befell me.

We started away from our village of huts in the morning. My head "follower" really did not know the way out. He planned to lead me to the border of our country, and then to let me pick up an escort from there to the coast, but he got his bearings all wrong. He first led me in the opposite direction to the coast because he did not want to arouse suspicion of my leaving. For that reason, too, I did not take anything with me, other than a mat to sleep on and one or two personal effects that I should need when I reached civilization, and my "follower" carried them all for me.

Now, in my anxiety to get away, I had forgotten the time of the year, and it was only after we had walked two days away from the village that I thought about the weather. It was near the rainy season; in fact, the rainy season was only two days off, and then the rain would pour down in torrents, and flood the land as it does at that time of the year. The rain commences about the first of June and lasts till the end of August.

To turn back would have been absolutely stupid, because my father would have known by that time that I had intended to leave the country, and he surely would influence my wives to complain of my going away from them. A complaint of that kind would spoil my chances, perhaps, of ever leaving my country again, unless I sneaked out alone, and that would be more difficult to do then than now, for I was really sneaking out now, but I did have some sort of guide. It would have been impossible for me to interest any one, even amongst my own "followers," to accompany me after it had been officially ordered that I was not to go, and such an order would have resulted from a complaint. At the beginning of my flight I really did not know all this, but my "follower" explained it all to me, as he saw that I was half minded to turn back because of the approaching rain.

The rain did not frighten me so much, but the thunder and the lightning did. The thunder and lightning in my country are much more dreadful than here. After a rainy season a man may go only a short distance in the Bush and he will see what damage the lightning does. The lightning strikes often, and destroys large trees, and kills many animals, because the animals love to take shelter under trees and any cluster of bushes; and we are always able to find dead animals lying about through-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUSQUEHANNA UNIVERSITY SELINSGROVE, PA.

out the Bush after the rainy season.

So the rain came. I must say that my "follower" was very faithful to me, because he did all that was possible to make me half way comfortable. He collected and prepared food; he made my hammock in the vines for me to sleep in; and, in fact, he treated me as if I were his relative. The "follower" was a native, and he had his superstitions, like all other natives. He told me many stories on that journey, about animals and birds and fish. I was only a young boy and so I listened to his yarns with rapt attention.

Now whether it was because the "follower" did not know the way, or whether it was his eagerness to entertain me and keep me from crying and being afraid, which made him forget his direction, I cannot say, but I do know that he began to act very strange, and I saw that he was perplexed and appeared to be in a quandary. He stopped every now and then, and held his ear against a tall tree, and then he would put me away up on a vine and tell me to wait for him. He would climb ever so high up and look out far away at something. He would then descend to where he had left me, put me on his back, turn around several times, and then start out walking again, climbing over this and crawling under that obstacle. When he had to crawl under something he would put me down on a near-by vine or fling me, catapult fashion, across a heap of brush so that I landed on vines. Then he would crawl under some object and I would not see him for a good few minutes, and all of a sudden his head would bob up above the tall grass, some distance away, and he would be puffing and blowing, saying, as he approached closer to me: *Allah O Akbar,* meaning, *"God is Great."*

I often wondered why he disappeared in this manner, so one day I asked him who it was that he was visiting on these journeys, and he replied: "The Spirits are angry with us for our acts, and I have to appease them before we can continue our journey."

In the meantime the rain poured down, and I was only half clad, but the "follower" had nothing on. I was drenching wet, as the rain poured through the clothes that I wore and soaked me to the skin, whereas the "follower" kept himself well greased with some stuff that he squeezed out of leaves, and the rain just bounced off of him. I was continually wet, because I slept in my wet clothes as well as walked in them. The consequences were that I became violently ill with fever, and could not go on any farther. The "follower" laid me in vines, and doctored me. He prepared some kind of hot potion, the very smell of which made me vomit, but he forced me to take it.

Oh, how terrible it was out there in the Bush! Lost! Yes, lost! My "follower" had lost his direction, but he was trying to keep on going until we could reach some habitation. Malarial fever is a most weakening sickness, especially when it is accompanied with ague. I shook my little body almost to pieces.

I remember on one occasion, when the "follower" left me alone and went away to find more medicine and to commune with the spirits, that he stayed away much longer than usual. I was still ill with fever, and the heavy rain was still pouring down. I lay up there in the vines where he had put me, because I was too weak to move. I called him and called him, in my weak way, but he did not answer. Then I became alarmed, for the thought came to my mind, like a flash, that he had aban-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doned me and left me in the middle of the Bush at the mercy of animals and reptiles. Up till that time I had not given snakes a single thought, but then the awfulness of my plight dawned upon me and I cried long and hard. I really wished that I had never started out on the journey. I became delirious. What I said while I was in that state, I cannot say, but I do know that when I did become rational, the first thing that caught my eye was a monster boa-constrictor, hanging from a branch of a tree, not a yard away from me. Now I could just see the thing, but that was enough for me. I screamed *Oo-Lou-Wi!* as loud as my lungs permitted, and then I heard a voice saying: *Yek-ras,* meaning, "Shut up." I could not move from my position because I was still too weak, but the voice was that of Enfiki, my "follower"; that was his name.

Enfiki said that when he returned he found me in a pitiful state of delirium, and that I was calling on everybody to save me. He said that it made him wonder a bit just why I should be asking to be saved, as he had seen no danger near me then. He said that he climbed up to where I lay, and then he looked up over me and saw that snake slowly uncurling itself; and he added that if he had not acted quickly, that creature would have dropped right down on top of me, and I should surely have been squeezed to death. But he had snatched me from where I was, and flung me over to the spot where I then found myself, and he had jumped away quickly before the thing could fall on top of him. Well, that may be so, or it may not be so, but there was the snake, hanging just where I saw it, twenty feet long, and it was dead. He said that he had killed it and had left it hanging there, so that when I returned from the spirit world I should be able to see for myself, just how near death I had been.

I had been sick four days and we had not made a step of advance during that time, and it was still raining hard. I have often wondered how we ever escaped being struck by lightning. My fever was gone and I was still weak, but we had to move on, even though it was now well understood that we were lost.

After a time I heard a drum beat. I told Enfiki, and he laughed, and said that I was trying to make him the same as I had been, seeing and hearing things in the spirit world. After a while Enfiki stopped suddenly and asked me if I heard anything. I laughed loudly, for I was beginning to think and believe that Enfiki and myself both were losing our minds. We both heard the drum beat, but neither of us heard it at the same time. When I heard it Enfiki could not hear it, and when Enfiki heard it, I could not hear it. So Enfiki, although a very brave bushman, became afraid, and he began calling down the judgment of the spirits on my head for inducing him to help me deceive my own father. He began to rave, and I thought that his mind was surely unhinged, and I cried all the more. I implored him to take me back, but he said that he did not know how. He said that he thought that we were coming into a strange country, by the look of the trees. He could not guess where we were, but hoped that he should not fall into the hands of King Kof-fi's people, for if we did, it was good-by for both of us.

Just then a clap of thunder and a bolt of lightning made both of us jump up and scream. That bolt of lightning struck just behind us and tore a tree to pieces, and threw the parts crashing down into the forest. You would have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thought that it tore up nearly the whole earth, by the deafening noise that it made.

We were truly in a sorry plight. At the mercy of storm, lightning, fever, frightened animals, and worse than all, in danger of walking into the country of a hostile king, because we were lost.

["The Escape from Savage Life," the chapters of LoBagola's autobiography which appear next month, brings him into the land of the little people, and a harrowing adventure with cannibals.]

Some Later Friends of Meredith

BY ROBERT ESMONDE SENCOURT

The last years of George Meredith were crowned with many friendships. Mr. Sencourt, from unpublished letters and other material, presents Doctor and Mrs. Plimmer, Alice Meynell, Admiral Maxse, and others.

I

THE printed page so far contains no record of George Meredith's friendship with Dr. and Mrs. Plimmer. The Doctor was a Fellow of the Royal Society, his wife a native of Germany who had the great heart, the understanding of men, and the need for providing creature comforts for them which mark the best German women. With the one, he threw all his enthusiasms into the exchange of ideas; in the other, he relished the sweetness and goodness of a woman. "A kind heart and a sympathetic soul," he often said to her, "are worth more than the brightest intellect." He shared with them a favorite jest which referred to a friend who was deeply interested in Frau Cosima Wagner. Meredith had met Frau Cosima as well as her famous husband, and she was a personality worthy of his attention. The daughter of Countess Marie d'Agoult and Liszt, her magnetic personality, her clear profile, her noble gestures, her way of moving as though on clouds, her radiance, contrasted with the dissatisfied expression and the sharp strident voice of *Der Meister*. Yet it was to him that she was devoted, for him she loved and strove. After his death in 1883, she looked upon herself as the vehicle through which he was manifested to the world.

It was not until 1887 that, recovering from the blow, she assumed dominance at Wahnfried and Bayreuth. She radiated, she inspired, but she also commanded absolute devotion to the cause. At one moment she was all woman and all French, voice and smile aloof and yet alluring; at another, her fierce will would be enforcing unquestioning discipline in the style of a Prussian general, and all from the scene-shifter to the great stars would stand in awe at her displeasure. Richter, van Rooy, and lovely Rosa Sucher, all vied with one another to win a smile from her. Many came often to her house, but she was intimate with none except Countess Marie Wolkenstein who, as Countess Schleinitz, had persuaded the Emperor Wil-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liam I to come to Bayreuth in 1876 to inaugurate the *Festspiele*.

The memory of Frau Cosima delighted Meredith, and since Dr. Plimmer was a musician, Meredith loved when with him to speak of her: it was with a quite special gusto he referred to the devotion to her given by their common friend, Frederick Jameson, who had suggested that Meredith should resume *The Amazing Marriage** and to whom, when it was finished, it was inscribed. Jameson was an excellent musician, a devoted Wagnerian and had translated part of the *Niebelungen Ring*. He used to take sun-baths in Tyrol: and Meredith delighted in the idea that in that condition he might attract the attention of Wagner's ghost. Frau Cosima took him at one time for a reincarnation of Wagner, and his position with her became rather involved. But Meredith had no qualms for him, knowing him to have "legal assistance and the most innocent of souls."†

Mrs. Plimmer's son played the violoncello and from that Meredith named him. His mother he called after a verandah that she built to her house in St. John's Wood. He addresses his letters to her: "dearest Verandah." And he was charmed to go to their house to hear music, and summed up, in a little doggerel verse like those he used to make for Hardman:

To Plimmer, Verandah and Cello,
Who shine as the green of the land,
The thanks of a crippled old fellow.
Though why one so lost in the yellow
Is noticed, he can't understand.

Meredith was not fond of taking presents. He would accept only if they were things he liked to have, and only if given by people who could afford to give them. But Mrs. Plimmer had the knack of giving things to him, and his letters to her are full of joking gratitude. In 1899 he had been "thrilled and alarmed by the arrival of a case of wine." "Remember," he added, "that it is ingratitude stirred in me by further gifts, but you will be honorable." When she sent him a box of apples, he wrote to her husband that their cheeks encouraged him to ruddiness. When, in 1908, she sent him a lamp for his bedside, he wrote:

"Why will our Verandah paint munificence which is of its nature golden? And why pile St. John's Wood on wooded Box Hill? I am overdone with gratitude. The light works excellently. I marvel at the opportuneness of the gift just when I had raised the wish for it. Let me hear how things go with the Frankfurt scheme. It concerns all who love you. Remind the doctor of my existence and accept from me all that the years can condense into assurances of affection."

"Dearest Verandah," he wrote on the shortest day of 1904, "You will be astonished to hear that there was not an idea in my dull brain that the splendid rug you placed on my knees was another of your presents. I thought it was meant to keep me warm while you were with me, and after you had gone I called aloud to have it sent after you."

On Dec. 19, 1906, he wrote:

"Dearest Verandah,

"Don't think of coming in this weather. Your repeated presents have such an effect on gratitude that the delirious old wretch has nought but a gurgle in his throat. I am reminded of your two pots of caviare, left before you left us for Asia and Africa,—a terrible

*Serial in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 1895.
†Unpublished letters supply the remainder of this material.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

story—who sold them to you should be prosecuted."

Three months later he was again addressing his "dear and most serviceable Verandah" as a cornucopia. "I have the feeling that I stand in a shower of fruits," he wrote. "No more or you lead me to think myself favored by a protecting planet."

And again, just before his death, he sends thanks through his Verandah, to her Cello. "Tell Robin that the gift of winter gloves was worth all the showers of cornucopia under which I have been smothered—excepting the grand music."

But when Mrs. Plimmer brought him down a translation of Montaigne, he refused it in the same uncompromising tone as he refused Lady Danesfort's offer of Norwegian egg-spoons. "I do not care for translations," was all he said, and as soon as he saw Mrs. Plimmer moving, he handed the book to his nurse to wrap up for the giver to take back.

For Dr. Plimmer he felt not only affection but admiration. "Give my love," he wrote once, "to the champion of the cause of science and humanity, to whom thousands are looking." And they thoroughly enjoyed the exchange of fiendish teasing with one another. With them all Meredith was thoroughly at home, and allowed himself to relax. He talked to them as he talked to Sir James Barrie or his daughter: the letters show no trace of the strained intellectualism in which he expressed himself to Mlle. de Longueuil, and he enjoyed the relaxation. "I like to be alone with the family," he said.

II

When *The Amazing Marriage* was published in 1895, its author noticed one review that particularly pleased him. It appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in a column called "The Wares of Autolycus," which often attracted his attention. "Poetry is the conspicuous secret of the book," it said. "As in this great book, so in life, poetry is not hidden. It is unrevealed. And there are mystics who aver that all the now unrevealed secrets of this human life are obvious things that we daily and ignorantly use—things that we know, yet do not recognize." The review compared Carinthia with Shakespeare's Helena: it called her the "new Helena." An undaunted spirit, Carinthia claimed the environment of wind and cloud which Meredith gave her, and though the book was crowded with images wild as the flying clouds, this wildness was made to serve the writer's purpose, so that as a final result the readers were awakened, and compelled to another rate, and another way, of thinking them their own, in a stress of quickening surprise, which made them intimate with nature. "Always secret, always accessible, always present, nature is the simplest thing in the most intimate book in the world."

Meredith could not resist the mingling of prose of such distinction with an appreciation so intimately discriminating. Here was a spirit after his own heart. And this spirit was the spirit of a woman: a woman whom, when poets met her, they recognized as exquisite. "Her presence," said Mr. Le Gallienne, "radiated a peculiarly lovely serenity, like a twilight gay with stars."*

Around the name of Alice Meynell is the finest aroma. There was in all she wrote such finish and such fineness, her touch was so delicate and firm, that she will live among our classic essayists, and

**The Romantic Nineties.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

among her poems were some praised by Ruskin and the highest. "One of the most charming things that a writer of English can achieve is the repayment of the united teaching, by linking their results so exquisitely in his own practice that the words of the two schools shall be made to meet each other with a surprise and delight that shall prove them at once gayer strangers and sweeter companions than the world knew they were." So she wrote of the mingling of Saxon and Latin in our language, and this charm marked her own style. A sister of Lady Butler who painted "The Roll Call," she was married to Mr. Wilfred Meynell. Sargent has drawn her. She was a creature of pathos and delight. There was longing in her looks and her features were lovely; a fine kindness and a fine distinction marked her personality. Painted by Amy Rymer, she showed to Meredith something sepulchral in pathos, "eyes looking out of the underworld, breathing of gravemould," but this was not herself. Herbert Trench wrote of her, in a delightful poem, that she was, as it were, woven of rapture.

In her article on Duse in the *Pall Mall Gazette,* Meredith had said, before he met her, that it reached the high-water mark of the literary criticism of our time. He detected in it what he had noticed in her poems "an exquisite play upon the finer chords, quite her own." Clear, compact and pregnant with rare thought, they attracted yet more by the modesty of their style. "The surprise coming on us from their combined grace of manner and sanity of thought is like one's dream of what the recognition of a new truth would be . . . she achieves the literary miracle of subordinating compressed choice language to grace of movement." He counted that she would one day rank as one of the great Englishwomen of letters.

Such were his views of her work before he had secured a meeting with her. She herself more than answered his hopes. Responsive as ever to the presence of women, at the age of sixty-eight, crippled by locomotor ataxia, he retained the ardor and the enthusiasm which found their rapturous expression in his poems of love. The homage of this he offered to Mrs. Meynell in the spring of 1896. "I shall teach you nothing that can be new to such a mind as yours," he wrote her, "but I shall be leaven to your deeper thoughts of earth and life." By April she had become the most absorbing of his friends, and a letter he wrote to her while staying with Lady Butler in the Constable's Tower at Dover Castle tells of his delight in silent communion with her. "I think of you gladly as with your sister, drawing strength from sea-breezes, out of the cage of brick, a visible universe about you, and those winged eyes of yours abroad in it. You write of your not being a talker. I can find the substance I want in your silences, and can converse with them. Your plea in excuse makes me ashamed of my prattle. Let me tell you that my mind is not always with my tongue in the act. I do it for the sake of sociability, and I am well disposed either to listen or to worship the modest lips that have such golden reserves."*

By June he was addressing her as his "dearest friend," and had found a symbol for her in an iris in his garden, golden at the heart, which he named after her, Alicia Cærulea. He wrote her a series of sonnets, to be called "The Lady of the Time"; these, however, like so many other of the vessels of the love and beauty in him, were in an after-rage de-

**Letters of George Meredith to Alice Meynell.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stroyed: for she had demanded the return of a handkerchief which he had placed beside his heart. The sonnet that survives compares her to the Iris:

A stately flower in my garden grows,
Whose color is the dawn-sky's maiden blue;
The loveliest to my lady's thinking, too.
And when the Lord of June bids her disclose
Her very heart, all bashfully she throws
An inner petal o'er the orange hue,
As one last plea; submitting to his view,
Yet virginally majestic while he glows.
For reasons known to us we give the name
Alicia Cærulea to that flower,
Sweet as the Sea-born borne on the sea-wave:
That Innocent in shame where there is no shame;
That proud Reluctant; that fair slave of power,
Who conquers most when she is most the slave.

After 1900 the letters grow rarer, and occasionally admiration is exchanged for criticism. The lady is blamed for being hard on Gibbon. Although at the very last he wrote to Mrs. Meynell that his religion of life was always to be cheerful, gloom and loneliness often assailed him. The death of Admiral Maxse was the hardest blow, shaking his stoic philosophy. "Friends are the leaves of the tree of life," he wrote, "and I am getting bare, fit only for cutting down."*

But apart from this warm personal relation with Alice Meynell, the letters are rich in appreciations of the winds and sky; and they have pronouncements on literature which cannot be overlooked. He felt the truth of the Brownings' mutual passion so strongly that not even the "tropical wildness of the amorous iterations" arrested him. "One sees the flower in each breast." When he published his "Napoleon," he sent it her "so that you may be under no complimentary compulsion to incur the tedium of the journey hither and thither for the flashing visit,—though I so love to see you. If you find it goodish, you are the author. If otherwise, I am the culprit. Remember that is an Ode of History, which presents us with gross matter and I must deal it out to be true to the subject. I have been tempted by the rhetorical—History's pitfall for the Muse. I have avoided this as much as I could even in the Portrait, where antithesis invited strongly and was not always to be shunned." And lastly, he disclaims the aphorisms of Sir Austin Feverel as expressions of his own mind. "These aphorisms came in the run of the pen, as dramatizings of the mind of the System-maker. I would not have owned to half a dozen of them."*

Sincere in all things, even to the point of brusqueness, he once gave a shock to Mrs. Meynell. When she talked of writing a book on London, he burst at her with the words "You could not do it. It is beyond you." Such words are not easy to accept, and it would not be surprising if Mrs. Meynell winced.

III

There were three other ladies to whom Meredith was much attracted in his old age. There was first Mrs. Walter Palmer, a lovely young creature who had wealth through her marriage to one of the partners in the well-known Reading firm, a lady of culture who would take a *Schloss* at Bayreuth for the season,—"the round world's jewel." He called her "Queen Jean" and there was the warmest tone in Meredith's letters both to her and to her husband.

Then again there was the Duchess of Rutland (Lady Granby as she was then) who drew exquisite portraits of

Letters of George Meredith to Alice Meynell.

Letters of George Meredith to Alice Meynell.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

women he admired, and one of himself. She drew Lady Ulrica Baring, Lady Lytton ("the sweetest of unfolding wild-rose buds"), her own daughter Lady Marjorie Manners and Lady Cromer. "With all the portraits of beautiful women from your hand," Meredith wrote to her, "there is more than the beauty. *On y voit l'âme dans les traits.*" And he was delighted with a letter that Lady Diana Duff-Cooper wrote to him a year before his death. "It showed the heart in the hand of the writer."*

He had in those later years another great new friend. A daughter of a Yorkshire Peer, this young lady was an intellectual, as well as a youthful beauty. Meredith delighted in her, and wrote her brilliant letters, like those he had sent to Mlle. de Longueuil. He warned her very carefully against the egoism of the idealist. Just as he had said in *The Ordeal* that love of a lord was a form of self-love, so now he gives a warning against people looking at a flattering mirror of themselves in others. "We set up an ideal of the cherished object, we try our friends and the world by the standard we have raised within, supported by pride, obscured by the passions. But if we determine to know ourselves, we see that it has been open to us all along, that in fact we did but would not know, from having such an adoration of the ideal creature erected and painted by us."*

The letters cover almost the same ground as those he had sent to his French friend. The story of the errant wife returning is repeated, and we hear even that the old lady who said, "What are the man's family making such a fuss about? My son only had her for a fortnight," was an old Lady Vivian. Did his friend understand love? She had been adored by a prominent prelate whom she accepted and afterward jilted. Later in life she married a member of a well-known family and bore him six daughters. She was heard to say after this that she had "warmed both hands beside the fire of life."

Meredith had intuitions as to her temperament. She had known, she must have known, something about love, but she did not confide it in him. He thought her capable of much liking, of warm liking, even wildish, but not passion. "Passion," he wrote to his daughter-in-law, "is noble strength on fire." And this he gave as the reason why his friend did not admire Diana. To do that, one should be more like a spinster of sixty whom he had once asked what she wanted from poetry. Turning her head, she shouted over her shoulder, "Passion."*

If this lady could have understood that, he would have admired her even more:

> My Lady has Diana's brows,
> Diana's deer-like step is hers;
> A goddess she by every sign,
> Then wherefore is she not divine?
> She has no ears, for lovers' vows,
> For lovers' vows she has no ears.

It was all very well to talk of Goethe: to go to India for the Delhi Durbar: to have the sanest views of politics and men: to understand the best English prose. But it was much better to have one's own happiness depending on another:

> Ask, is love divine,
> Voices all are ay.
> Question for the sign,
> There's a common sigh.
> Would we, through our years,
> Love forego,
> Quit of scars and tears?
> Ah but no, no, no!

**Letters.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And this is the thought that came also to him as he looked at nature in the serene summer morning:

> We see in mould the rose unfold,
> The soul through blood and tears.

But that, it seemed, was something more than he expected this brilliant young person to understand.*

IV

Admiral Maxse, until 1901, was alive, was seen, was loved. But his influence on Meredith had lessened. He and all his four children had allied themselves to the Die-hards, and Meredith under the influence of Lord Morley and Lord Haldane was certainly not becoming less of a Radical. Speaking of himself always as a Celt and not a Saxon, his sympathy went fully to Ireland. In 1887 he had written on Home Rule in the *Fortnightly* and this article pleaded more urgently for Ireland than he had done in the manuscript lying for years beside him which, as *Celt and Saxon,* was published after his death. He had long known Mrs. O'Shea (from whose bedroom Parnell escaped down a rain-pipe), and Dillon made much of him. He was the one great writer who threw himself into Ireland's cause, and with Ireland he gulped down the Church of her people.

Something of an imperialist, he was ruthless on jingoism. In 1896 he wrote for the *Daily Chronicle* a sonnet on the Jameson raid: it was called "The Warning."

> We have seen mighty men ballooning high,
> And in another moment bump the ground.
> He falls: and in his measurement is found
> To count some inches o'er the common fry.
> 'Twas not enough to send him climbing sky,
> Yet 'twas enough above his fellows crowned,
> Had he less panted. Let his faithful hound
> Bark at detractors. He may walk or lie.
>
> Concerns it most ourselves who with our gas—
> This little Isle's insatiable greed
> For Continents—filled to inflation burst.
> So do ripe nations into squalor pass,
> When, driven as herds by their old pirate thirst,
> They scorn the brain's wild search for virtuous light.

He was with the Liberals in their criticism of the politics which led on to the Boer war. He protested up to the end against British excesses, and as Frank Harris has noted, persisted all through that there were faults on both sides. A letter to the papers pleaded for mercy to Kritzinger when the war was over, but with his keenness for soldiers, and all their business, Meredith watched the exploits of the British army with intense interest. No one who listened to his talk of how Englishmen were fighting imagined him anything but a patriot. It wrung his heart that they should fall in a war not unquestionably necessary.*

He had indeed taken up from Maxse one idea. It was the need of training the people for military service. He was heart and soul for conscription, as he was for a national training in boxing. Foreseeing a contest with Germany, he thought it vitally necessary that England should in no way be taken by surprise. Maxse's ideas were all passed on to Lord Haldane.

"I came to know him soon after I entered Parliament," wrote Lord Haldane, "and he was very good to me, inviting me to come and dine with him whenever I pleased and bring some one. I was accompanied on one occasion by Asquith, on another by Grey, on a third by John Dillon, on a fourth by Lloyd

**Letters. Poems,* see "Fragment."

*Frank Harris, *Contemporary Portraits.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

George, on a fifth by Lord French. On the latter occasion the distinguished general and the distinguished author got into a violent controversy about the disposition of troops at the battle of Magenta,—Meredith certain that he knew, and French equally certain that he was quite ignorant. At last, French having said that no one with any military knowledge could have imagined that at that stage a whole division could have been brought up to the point which Meredith thought, Meredith retorted, 'General, I have observed that Cavalry leaders however distinguished are bad judges of the operations of mixed troops.' " At this point Lord Haldane hastily ordered the motor, and took the General back to Aldershot.

On another occasion Lord Haldane was staying at Durdans, and Lord Rosebery asked him whether there was anywhere he would like to drive. Haldane asked whether Rosebery would drive over to meet Meredith. When they got to Box Hill, they were told that he was walking in the wood. "We went there and came upon him," wrote Lord Haldane, "and I made two great men known. But I never saw two great personalities become suddenly and without reason so antipathetic to each other in so short a time. Ever after that Rosebery and Meredith were most critical of each other in their conversation with me."

Meredith stayed with Haldane both in London and at Cloan. As he waited for the train on the station at Auchterarder, amazed railwaymen listened to a thunderous descant on the scheme of the universe. Meredith and the old Presbyterian minister at Cloan delighted in one another; as Meredith gave himself up to his exuberance, the minister would smile and pat him on the arm with the words: "Ye're still but a laddie."*

V

Mr. Frank Harris was not the least of Meredith's admirers. The two were invited to dine together in Elvaston Place, and conversation went on until late in the night. In the morning, his hostess pointed out that for once he had met a talker who outdid him in loquacity; his answer rolled off his tongue:

"But I was sober, my dear."

Mr. Harris was a great friend of Oscar Wilde who was himself a discriminating appraiser of Meredith's brilliance. No one who lived in England in the early 'nineties could ignore Wilde. Arriving at Oxford while Ruskin was a professor there, this unctuous, erudite and altogether elaborate young man immediately attracted question, and in some cases awoke emotion. The elderly Pater, who was generally so tranquil and so silent, had once knelt, white with passion, and kissed his hand. And Wilde had made an epigram: "One resists everything except temptation."

When he was in Paris, this young man met everybody from Victor Hugo to Verlaine and M. Bourget. In London, he showed that he had a genius for pose. Of philosophy he had none, and he wanted none. His aim was to be an æsthete: to use his intellect to give a novel and delicious outline to rare experiences, and so to express himself as to make an exquisite sensation. He created the world of Patience, where not only young women but young men would "cling passionately to one another and think of faint lilies." And at afternoon parties the tea grew cold

*Lord Haldane's unpublished papers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

while the guests admired the form and pattern of their cups. "He seldom had very much to say," M. Maurois has written, "but he said it with such grace and charm."*

Now and again he did have something to say. For, when all is said, Wilde was not only a poseur but a genius. He said some admirable things in literary criticism. He had written in the *Fortnightly* in 1891 that Meredith was an incomparable artist: "To him belongs philosophy in fiction. His people not merely live, but they live in thought. One can see them from myriad points of view. They are suggestive. There is soul in them and around them. They are interpretive and symbolic. And he who made them, those wonderful quickly moving figures, made them for his own pleasure, and has never asked the public what they wanted, has never cared to know what they wanted, has never allowed the public to dictate to him or to influence him, in any way, but has gone on intensifying his own personality and producing his own individual work. At first none came to him. That did not matter. Then the few came to him. That did not change him. The many have come now. He is still the same. He is an incomparable novelist." Of his style Wilde had already written: "Meredith had planted round his garden a hedge full of thorns and red with wonderful roses."†

Such a novelist could not but meet such a critic. They were invited together to stay with the Walter Palmers at Reading in a large house-party, and Mrs. Jopling-Rowe, who was there also, had a photograph in which the two men appeared. Meredith of course appreciated Wilde's brilliance: but between the figure of the one, now puffed and sensual, and the austere beauty of the other's face lined with its silver hair, there was a contrast which meant opposing attitudes toward life. The ideal of the one was experience: of the other it was high strenuousness.*

When Wilde's disaster came, there were, in spite of *Punch,* not a few intellectuals who looked upon his sentence as brutal. Inquiries were made, and it was found that the Government of the time was disposed to take into account the judgment of the intellectuals of England, whatever that might be. Frank Harris took up Wilde's case. He found that if Meredith (now Tennyson's successor as head of the Society of Authors) and a few others would address the Government in the prisoner's favor, his sentence might be remitted. Meredith, however, peremptorily refused. The issue seemed to him a central one in life. And Meredith was as inexorable as in the case of his first wife. "Abnormal sensuality in a leader of men," he said, "should be punished with severity: all greatness is based on morality." But if, at that period, the immorality had been a woman's, and this woman had been beautiful or witty, his judgment would perhaps have been more merciful.†

VI

After the death of his second wife, Meredith found his closest companion in his daughter. He delighted in seeing her grow up, and come out into the world. And the world was gracious to her. All the details of her movements

*André Maurois, *Etudes Anglaises.*
†*Nineteenth Century,* Jan., 1889.

*Louisa Jopling-Rowe, *Memoirs.* S. M. Ellis, *George Meredith.*
†Frank Harris, *Contemporary Portraits.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

interested him. But not long after she had grown up she married Mr. Henry Parkman Sturgis, a widower of American parentage who lived at Givons Grove near Leatherhead. This was in 1894. His son had already in 1892 married Miss Margaret Elliot, the daughter of his friend, Mrs. Lewin, of Parkhurst on Leith Hill.

The departure of his son and daughter from Box Hill threw Meredith back more and more into the company of his servants, to whose society he had never been insensible. The choicest of his epigrams and the most opulent of his fancies descended upon their heads like rain upon the earth.

If he wanted his housemaid to take away an empty wine-bottle, he would address this sort of speech to her:

"Mary, you behold here a body from which the soul has departed. A body without a soul! Mark it there empty and useless, of no value to gods or men. Once full of genial fire, golden warmth for heart and brain, alive with inspiring ichor, Hymettean fount of noble talk and soaring thought, the elixir of wit, making of man's dull brain a thing of magic and dreams, lifting our dull mortality into the highest heaven of invention! But behold it now, a hollow echoing shell, a forlorn cadaver, its divine life all poured out of it, no laughter in it, no wisdom, no human kindness in it, any more forever. What shall be done with it, Mary? A body from which the soul is departed. What do we do with such? What is there to be done, but to bury it out of sight of gods and men, mournful reminder of feasts that are at end and dimming candles. Mary, remove the bottle."*

He was never unconscious of servants, and in addressing the cook, he would begin a sentence on the spices of Arabia that went through equally many involutions of gorgeousness, eloquence and congestion. And the mystified woman could only ask "What does the master mean?" And Cole, the gardener, would reply, "He means put less pepper in the soup, you fool." Like other lovers of Meredith, he saw something perfectly practical in the sentences that to others were insoluble. Cole was Meredith's stand-by from 1878 to the arrival of his nurse, Bessy Nicholls. The great man gave him several of his books and wrote in one, "A good servant cancels the name of master." Cole, knowing his master's friends, was his defense against the importunate. No one who lived in close association with George Meredith could be immune from his bursts of anger, but Cole stayed with him till the end and was not ignored. "I have something of a great power and I must use it: I can put a glass to men's chests, and see what is working inside." Such was the novelist's account of himself to his gardener.

The gardener never quite forgave another being put in his place. But Bessy Nicholls was also a devoted attendant, and did much to make his last crippled years endurable. To each, Meredith gave as a legacy manuscripts of his novels.

Cole's own comment on their relation was: "There warn't a happier master and man in the whole kingdom."

*R. Le Gallienne, *The Romantic Nineties*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Farewell to Arms

BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

THE quiet beautiful Italian country is contaminated by war. The dust raised by marching men has deadened the leaves of the trees. Artillery fire has levelled forests and illumines the night sky with ominous lightning.

The officers of an Italian ambulance unit, living in a pleasant town less than a mile from the fighting, find their principal amusement with the girls in the house reserved for officers or in baiting the priest in the mess. A young American lieutenant, the narrator, is introduced to an English volunteer nurse, Catherine Barkley, by his roommate an Italian doctor, Rinaldi. Catherine had been engaged for eight years to a young Britisher who was killed in the Somme. He had wanted to marry. She had refused. She carried his stick about with her. "He could have had anything he wanted if I would have known. I would have married him or anything. I know all about it now." Frederic Henry makes advances and is rebuffed because she resents the "nurse's evening-off" aspect of the love-making. She is immediately sorry and allows him to kiss her. The American, angry, continues the game of love, thinking Catherine perhaps a little mad.

The war intervenes. An offensive begins. The ambulances go to the front. The war seems grim, crude, mismanaged, pursued without enthusiasm or courage. The lieutenant seeks food for his men, and as they sit eating cold spaghetti and cheese, a trench mortar shell kills one of the drivers and seriously wounds the lieutenant.

X

IN the ward at the field hospital they told me a visitor was coming to see me in the afternoon. It was a hot day and there were many flies in the room. My orderly had cut paper into strips and tied the strips to a stick to make a brush that swished the flies away. I watched them settle on the ceiling. When he stopped swishing and fell asleep they came down and I blew them away and finally covered my face with my hands and slept too. It was very hot and when I woke my legs itched. I waked the orderly and he poured mineral water on the dressings. That made the bed damp and cool. Those of us that were awake talked across the ward. The afternoon was a quiet time. In the morning they came to each bed in turn, three men nurses and a doctor and picked you up out of bed and carried you into the dressing room so that the beds could be made while we were having our wounds dressed. It was not a pleasant trip to the dressing room and I did not know until later that beds could be made with men in them. My orderly had finished pouring water and the bed felt cool and lovely and I was telling him where to scratch on the soles of my feet against the itching when one of the doctors brought in Rinaldi. He came in very fast and bent down over the bed and kissed me. I saw he wore gloves.

"How are you, baby? How do you feel? I bring you this—" It was a bot-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tle of cognac. The orderly brought a chair and he sat down, "and good news. You will be decorated. They want to get you the medaglia d'argento but perhaps they can get only the bronze."

"What for?"

"Because you are gravely wounded. They say if you can prove you did any heroic act you can get the silver. Otherwise it will be the bronze. Tell me exactly what happened. Did you do any heroic act?"

"No," I said. "I was blown up while we were eating cheese."

"Be serious. You must have done something heroic either before or after. Remember carefully."

"I did not."

"Didn't you carry anybody on your back? Gordini says you carried several people on your back but the medical major at the first post declares it is impossible. He has to sign the proposition for the citation."

"I didn't carry anybody. I couldn't move."

"That doesn't matter," said Rinaldi.

He took off his gloves.

"I think we can get you the silver. Didn't you refuse to be medically aided before the others?"

"Not very firmly."

"That doesn't matter. Look how you are wounded. Look at your valorous conduct in asking to go always to the first line. Besides the operation was successful."

"Did they cross the river all right."

"Enormously. They take nearly a thousand prisoners. It's in the bulletin. Didn't you see it?"

"No."

"I'll bring it to you. It is a successful coup de main."

"How is everything?"

"Splendid. We are all splendid. Everybody is proud of you. Tell me just exactly how it happened. I am positive you will get the silver. Go on tell me. Tell me all about it." He paused and thought. "Maybe you will get an English medal too. There was an English there. I'll go and see him and ask if he will recommend you. He ought to be able to do something. Do you suffer much? Have a drink. Orderly, go get a corkscrew. Oh, you should see what I did in the removal of three metres of small intestine and better now than ever. It is one for the *Lancet*. You do me a translation and I will send it to the *Lancet*. Every day I am better. Poor dear baby, how do you feel? Where is that damn corkscrew? You are so brave and quiet I forget you are suffering." He slapped his glove on the edge of the bed.

"Here is the corkscrew, Signor Tenente," the orderly said.

"Open the bottle. Bring a glass. Drink that, Baby. How is your poor head? I looked at your papers. You haven't any fracture. That major at the first post was a hog butcher. I would take you and never hurt you. I never hurt anybody. I learn how to do it. Every day I learn to do things smoother and better. You must forgive me for talking so much, Baby. I am very moved to see you badly wounded. There, drink that. It's good. It cost fifteen lira. It ought to be good. Five stars. After I leave here I'll go see that English and he'll get you an English medal."

"They don't give them like that."

"You are so modest. I will send the liaison officer. He can handle the English."

"Have you seen Miss Barkley?"

"I will bring her here. I will go now and bring her here."

"Don't go," I said. "Tell me about Gorizia. How are the girls?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"There are no girls. For two weeks now they haven't changed them. I don't go there any more. It is disgraceful. They aren't girls; they are old war comrades."

"You don't go at all?"

"I just go to see if there is anything new. I stop by. They all ask for you. It is a disgrace that they should stay so long that they become friends."

"Maybe girls don't want to go to the front any more."

"Of course they do. They have plenty of girls. It is just bad administration. They are keeping them for the pleasure of dugout hiders in the rear."

"Poor Rinaldi," I said. "All alone at the war with no new girls."

Rinaldi poured himself another glass of the cognac.

"I don't think it will hurt you, baby. You take it."

I drank the cognac and felt it warm all the way down. Rinaldi poured another glass. He was quieter now. He held up the glass. "To your valorous wounds. To the silver medal. Tell me, Baby, when you lie here all the time in the hot weather, don't you get excited?"

"Sometimes."

"I can't imagine lying like that. I would go crazy."

"You are crazy."

"I wish you were back. No one to come in at night from adventures. No one to make fun of. No one to lend me money. No blood brother and room mate. Why do you get yourself wounded?"

"You can make fun of the priest."

"That priest. It isn't me that makes fun of him. It is the captain. I like him. If you must have a priest have that priest. He's coming to see you. He makes big preparations."

"I like him."

"Oh, I knew it. Sometimes I think you and he are a little that way, you know."

"No you don't."

"Yes I do sometimes. A little that way."

"Oh, go to hell."

He stood up and put on his gloves.

"Oh, I love to tease you, baby. With your priest and your English girl and really you are just like me underneath."

"No I'm not."

"Yes we are. You are really an Italian. All fire and smoke and nothing inside. You only pretend to be American. We are brothers and we love each other."

"Be good while I'm gone," I said.

"I will send Miss Barkley. You are better with her without me. You are purer and sweeter."

"Oh, go to hell."

"I will send her. Your lovely cool goddess. English goddess. My God, what would a man do with a woman like that except worship her? What else is an English woman good for?"

"You are an ignorant foul-mouthed Dago."

"A what?"

"An ignorant wop."

"Wop. You are a frozen faced—wop."

"You are ignorant. Stupid," I saw that word pricked him and kept on. "Uninformed. Inexperienced, stupid from inexperience."

"Truly? I tell you something about your good women. Your goddesses. All your goddesses. . . ."

"Don't get angry."

"I'm not angry."

"You were sweet to tell me."

"We won't quarrel, baby. I love you too much. But don't be a fool."

"No. I'll be wise like you."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Don't be angry, baby. Laugh. Take a drink. I must go really."

"You're a good old boy."

"Now you see. Underneath we are the same. We are war brothers. Kiss me good-by."

"You're sloppy."

"No. I am just more affectionate."

I felt his breath come toward me. "Good-by. I come to see you again soon." His breath went away. "I won't kiss you if you don't want. I'll send your English girl. Good-by, baby. The cognac is under the bed. Get well soon."

He was gone.

XI

It was dusk when the priest came. They had brought the soup and afterward taken away the bowls and I was lying looking at the rows of beds and out the window at the treetop that moved a little in the evening breeze. The breeze came in through the window and it was cooler with the evening. The flies were on the ceiling now and on the electric light bulbs that hung on wires. The lights were only turned on when some one was brought in at night or when something was being done. It made me feel very young to have the dark come after the dusk and then remain. It was like being put to bed after early supper. The orderly came down between the beds and stopped. Some one was with him. It was the priest. He stood there small, brown faced, and embarrassed.

"How do you do?" he asked. He put some packages down by the bed on the floor.

"All right, Father."

He sat down in the chair that had been brought for Rinaldi and looked out of the window embarrassedly. I noticed his face looked very tired.

"I can only stay a minute," he said. "It is late."

"It's not late. How is the mess?"

He smiled. "I am still a great joke," he sounded tired too. "Thank God they are all well."

"I am so glad you are all right," he said. "I hope you don't suffer." He seemed very tired and I was not used to seeing him tired.

"Not any more."

"I miss you at the mess."

"I wish I were there. I always enjoyed our talking."

"I brought you a few little things," he said. He picked up the packages. "This is mosquito netting. This is a bottle of vermouth. You like vermouth? These are English papers."

"Please open them."

He was pleased and undid them. I held the mosquito netting in my hands. The vermouth he held up for me to see and then put it on the floor beside the bed. I held up one of the sheaf of English papers. I could read the head-lines by turning it so the half light from the window was on it. It was the *News of the World*.

"The others are illustrated," he said.

"It will be a great happiness to read them. Where did you get them?"

"I sent for them to Mestre. I will have more."

"You were very good to come, Father. Will you drink a glass of vermouth?"

"Thank you. You keep it. It's for you."

"No, drink a glass."

"All right. I will bring you more then."

The orderly brought the glasses and opened the bottle. He broke off the cork and the end had to be shoved

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

down into the bottle. I could see the priest was disappointed but he said, "That's all right. It's no matter."

"Here's to your health, Father."

"To your better health."

Afterward he held the glass in his hand and we looked at one another. Sometimes we talked and were good friends but to-night it was difficult.

"What's the matter, Father? You seem very tired."

"I am tired but I have no right to be."

"It's the heat."

"No. This is only the Spring. I feel very low."

"You have the war disgust."

"No. But I hate the war."

"I don't enjoy it," I said. He shook his head and looked out of the window.

"You do not mind it. You do not see it. You must forgive me. I know you are wounded."

"That is an accident."

"Still even wounded you do not see it. I can tell. I do not see it myself but I feel it a little."

"When I was wounded we were talking about it. Passini was talking."

The priest put down the glass. He was thinking about something else.

"I know them because I am like they are," he said.

"You are different though."

"But really I am like they are."

"The officers don't see anything."

"Some of them do. Some are very delicate and feel worse than any of us."

"They are mostly different."

"It is not education or money. It is something else. Even if they had education or money men like Passini would not wish to be officers. I would not be an officer."

"You rank as an officer. I am an officer."

"I am not really. You are not even an Italian. You are a foreigner. But you are nearer the officers than you are to the men."

"What is the difference?"

"I cannot say it easily. There are people who would make war. In this country there are many like that. There are other people who would not make war."

"But the first ones make them do it."

"Yes."

"And I help them."

"You are a foreigner. You are a patriot."

"And the ones who would not make war? Can they stop it?"

"I do not know."

He looked out of the window again. I watched his face.

"Have they ever been able to stop it?"

"They are not organized to stop things and when they get organized their leaders sell them out."

"Then it's hopeless?"

"It is never hopeless. But sometimes I cannot hope. I try always to hope but sometimes I cannot."

"Maybe the war will be over."

"I hope so."

"What will you do then?"

"If it is possible I will return to the Abruzzi."

His brown face was suddenly very happy.

"You love the Abruzzi!"

"Yes I love it very much."

"You ought to go there then."

"I would be too happy. If I could live there and love God and serve Him."

"And be respected," I said.

"Yes and be respected. Why not?"

"No reason not. You should be respected."

"It does not matter. But there in my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

country it is understood that a man may love God. It is not a dirty joke."

"I understand."

He looked at me and smiled.

"You understand but you do not love God."

"No."

"You do not love Him at all?" he asked.

"I am afraid of Him in the night sometimes."

"You should love Him."

"I don't love much."

"Yes," he said. "You do. What you tell me about in the nights. That is not love. That is only passion and lust. When you love you wish to do things for. You wish to sacrifice for. You wish to serve."

"I don't love."

"You will. I know you will. Then you will be happy."

"I'm happy. I've always been happy."

"It is another thing. You cannot know about it unless you have it."

"Well," I said, "if I ever get it I will tell you."

"I stay too long and talk too much." He was worried that he really did.

"No. Don't go. How about loving women. If I really loved some woman would it be like that?"

"I don't know about that. I never loved any woman."

"What about your mother?"

"Yes I must have loved my mother."

"Did you always love God?"

"Ever since I was a little boy."

"Well," I said. I did not know what to say. "You are a fine boy," I said.

"I am a boy," he said. "But you call me father."

"That's politeness."

He smiled.

"I must go, really," he said. "You do not want me for anything?" he asked hopefully.

"No. Just to talk."

"I will take your greetings to the mess."

"Thank you for the many fine presents."

"Nothing."

"Come and see me again."

"Yes. Good-by." He patted my hand.

"So long," I said in dialect.

"Ciaou," he repeated.

It was dark in the room and the orderly, who had sat by the foot of the bed, got up and went out with him. I liked him very much and I hoped he would get back to the Abruzzi some time. He had a rotten life in the mess and he was fine about it but I thought how he would be in his own country. At Capracotta, he had told me, there were trout in the stream below the town. It was forbidden to play the flute at night. When the young men serenaded only the flute was forbidden. Why, I had asked. Because it was bad for the girls to hear the flute at night. The peasants all called you Don and when you met them they took off their hats. His father hunted every day and stopped to eat at the houses of the peasants. They were always honored. For a foreigner to hunt he must present a certificate that he had never been arrested. There were bears on the Gran Sasso D'Italia but it was a long way. Aquila was a fine town. It was cool in the summer at night and the Spring in Abruzzi was the most beautiful in Italy. But what was lovely was the fall to go hunting through the chestnut woods. The birds were all good because they fed on grapes and you never took a lunch because the peasants were always honored if you would eat with them at their houses. After a while I went to sleep.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

XII

The room was long, with windows on the right hand side and a door at the far end that went into the dressing-room. The row of beds that mine was in faced the windows and another row, under the windows, faced the wall. If you lay on your left side you could see the dressing-room door. There was another door at the far end that people sometimes came in by. If any one were going to die they put a screen around the bed so you could not see him die but only the shoes and puttees of doctors and men nurses showed under the bottom of the screen and sometimes at the end there would be whispering. Then the priest would come out from behind the screen and afterward the men nurses would go back behind the screen to come out again carrying the one who was dead with a blanket over him, down the corridor between the beds and some one folded the screen and took it away.

That morning the major in charge of the ward asked me if I felt that I could travel the next day. I said I could. He said then they would ship me out early in the morning. He said I would be better off making the trip now before it got too hot.

When they lifted you up out of bed to carry you into the dressing-room you could look out of the window and see the new graves in the garden. A soldier sat outside the door that opened onto the garden making crosses and painting on them the names, rank, and regiment of the men who were buried in the garden. He also ran errands for the ward and in his spare time made me a cigarette lighter out of an empty Austrian rifle cartridge. The doctors were very nice and seemed very capable. They were anxious to ship me to Milan where there were better X-ray facilities and where, after the operation, I could take mechanico-therapy. I wanted to go to Milan too. They wanted to get us all out and back as far as possible because all the beds were needed for the offensive, when it should start.

The night before I left the field hospital Rinaldi came in to see me with the major from our mess. They said that I would go to an American hospital in Milan that had just been installed. Some American ambulance units were to be sent down and this hospital would look after them and any other Americans on service in Italy. There were many in the Red Cross. The States had declared war on Germany but not on Austria.

The Italians were sure America would declare war on Austria too and they were very excited about any Americans coming down, even the Red Cross. They asked me if I thought President Wilson would declare war on Austria and I said it was only a matter of days. I did not know what we had against Austria but it seemed logical that they should declare war on her if they did on Germany. They asked me if we would declare war on Turkey. I said that was doubtful. Turkey, I said, was our national bird but the joke translated so badly and they were so puzzled and suspicious that I said yes, we would probably declare war on Turkey. And on Bulgaria? We had drunk several glasses of brandy and I said yes, by God, on Bulgaria too and on Japan. But, they said, Japan is an ally of England. You can't trust the bloody English. The Japanese want Hawaii, I said. Where is Hawaii? It is in the Pacific Ocean. Why do the Japanese want it? They don't really want it, I said. That is all talk.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Japanese are a wonderful little people fond of dancing and light wines. Like the French, said the major. We will get Nice and Savoia from the French. We will get Corsica and all the Adriatic coast line, Rinaldi said. Italy will return to the splendors of Rome, said the major. I don't like Rome, I said. It is hot and full of fleas. You don't like Rome? Yes, I love Rome. Rome is the mother of nations. I will never forget Romulus suckling the Tiber. What? Nothing. Let's all go to Rome. Let's go to Rome to-night and never come back. Rome is a beautiful city, said the major. The mother and father of nations, I said. Roma is feminine, said Rinaldi. It cannot be the father. Who is the father, then, the Holy Ghost? Don't blaspheme. I wasn't blaspheming, I was asking for information. You are drunk, baby. Who made me drunk? I made you drunk, said the major. I made you drunk because I love you and because America is in the war. Up to the hilt, I said. You go away in the morning, baby, Rinaldi said. To Rome, I said. No, to Milan. To Milan, said the major, to the Crystal Palace, to the Cova, to Campari's, to Biffis, to the galleria. You lucky boy. To the Gran Italia I said, where I will borrow money from George. To the Scala, said Rinaldi. You will go to the Scala. Every night, I said. You won't be able to afford it every night, said the major. The tickets are very expensive.

I will draw a sight draft on my grandfather, I said. A what? A sight draft. He has to pay or I go to jail. Mr. Cunningham at the bank does it. I live by sight drafts. Can a grandfather jail a patriotic grandson who is dying that Italy may live? Live the American Garibaldi, said Rinaldi. Avviva the sight drafts, I said. We must be quiet, said the major. Already we have been asked many times to be quiet. Do you go to-morrow really, Federico? He goes to the American hospital I tell you, Rinaldi said. To the beautiful nurses. Not the nurses with beards of the field hospital. Yes, yes, said the major, I know he goes to the American hospital. I don't mind their beards, I said. If any man wants to raise a beard let him. Why don't you raise a beard Signor Maggiore? It could not go in a gas mask. Yes it could. Anything can go in a gas mask. I've vomited into a gas mask. Don't be so loud, baby, Rinaldi said. We all know you have been at the front. Oh, you fine baby, what will I do while you are gone? We must go, said the major. This becomes sentimental. Listen, I have a surprise for you. Your English. You know? The English you go to see every night at their hospital? She is going to Milan too. She goes with another to be at the American hospital. They have not got nurses yet from America. I talked to-day with the head of their reparto. They have too many women here at the front. They send some back. How do you like that, baby? All right. Yes? You go to live in a big city and have your English there to cuddle you. Why don't I get wounded? Maybe you will, I said. We must go, said the major. We drink and make noise and disturb Federico. Don't go. Yes, we must go. Good-by. Good luck. Many things. Ciaou, Ciaou, Ciaou. Come back quickly, baby. Rinaldi kissed me. You smell of lysol. Good-by, baby. Good-by. Many things. The major patted my shoulder. They tiptoed out. I found I was quite drunk but went to sleep.

The next day in the morning we left for Milan and arrived forty-eight hours later. It was a bad trip. We were side

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tracked for a long time this side of Mestre and children came and peeked in. I got a little boy to go for a bottle of cognac but he came back and said he could only get grappa. I told him to get it and when it came I gave him the change and the man beside me and I got drunk and slept until past Vicenza where I woke up and was very sick on the floor. It did not matter because the man on that side had been very sick on the floor several times before. Afterward I thought I could not stand the thirst and in the yards outside of Verona I called to a soldier who was walking up and down beside the train and he got me a drink of water. I woke Georgetti, the other boy who was drunk, and offered him some water. He said to pour it on his shoulder and went back to sleep. The soldier would not take the penny I offered him and brought me a pulpy orange. I sucked on that and spit out the pith and watched the soldier pass up and down past a freight-car outside and after a while the train gave a jerk and started.

XIII

We got into Milan early in the morning and they unloaded us in the freight-yard. An ambulance took me to the American hospital. Riding in the ambulance on a stretcher I could not tell what part of town we were passing through but when they unloaded the stretcher I saw a market-place and an open wine shop with a girl sweeping out. They were watering the street and it smelled of the early morning. They put the stretcher down and went in. The porter came out with them. He had gray mustaches, wore a doorman's cap and was in his shirt sleeves. The stretcher would not go into the elevator and they discussed whether it was better to lift me off the stretcher and go up in the elevator or carry the stretcher up the stairs. I listened to them discussing it. They decided on the elevator. They lifted me from the stretcher. "Go easy," I said. "Take it softly."

In the elevator we were crowded and as my legs bent the pain was very bad. "Straighten out the legs," I said.

"We can't, Signor Tenente. There isn't room." The man who said this had his arm around me and my arm was around his neck. His breath came in my face metallic with garlic and red wine.

"Be gentle," the other man said.

"—— —— who isn't gentle."

"Be gentle, I say," the man with my feet repeated.

I saw the doors of the elevator closed, and the grill shut and the fourth-floor button pushed by the porter. The porter looked worried. The elevator rose slowly.

"Heavy?" I asked the man with the garlic.

"Nothing," he said. His face was sweating and he grunted. The elevator rose steadily and stopped. The man holding the feet opened the door and stepped out. We were on a balcony. There were several doors with brass knobs. The man carrying the feet pushed a button that rang a bell. We heard it inside the doors. No one came. Then the porter came up the stairs.

"Where are they?" the stretcher bearers asked.

"I don't know," said the porter. "They sleep down-stairs."

"Get somebody."

The porter rang the bell, then knocked on the door, then he opened the door and went in. When he came back there was an elderly woman wearing glasses with him. Her hair was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

loose and half falling and she wore a nurse's dress.

"I can't understand," she said. "I can't understand Italian."

"I can speak English," I said. "They want to put me somewhere."

"None of the rooms are ready. There isn't any patient expected." She tucked at her hair and looked at me near-sightedly.

"Show them any room where they can put me."

"I don't know," she said. "There's no patient expected. I couldn't put you in just any room."

"Any room will do," I said. Then to the porter in Italian, "Find an empty room."

"They are all empty," said the porter. "You are the first patient." He held his cap in his hand and looked at the elderly nurse.

"For Christ's sweet sake take me to some room." The pain had gone on and on with the legs bent and I could feel it going in and out of the bone. The porter went in the door, followed by the gray-haired woman, then came hurrying back. "Follow me," he said. They carried me down a long hallway and into a room with drawn blinds. It smelled of new furniture. There was a bed and a big wardrobe with a mirror. They laid me down on the bed.

"I can't put on sheets," the woman said. "The sheets are locked up."

I did not speak to her. "There is money in my pocket," I said to the porter. "In the buttoned-down pocket." The porter took out the money. The two stretcher bearers stood beside the bed holding their caps. "Give them five lire apiece and five lire for myself. My papers are in the other pocket. You may give them to the nurse."

The stretcher bearers saluted and said thank you. "Good-by," I said. "And many thanks." They saluted again and went out.

"Those papers," I said to the nurse, "describe my case and the treatment already given."

The woman picked them up and looked at them through her glasses. There were three papers and they were folded. "I don't know what to do," she said. "I can't read Italian. I can't do anything without the doctor's orders." She commenced to cry and put the papers in her apron pocket. "Are you an American?" she asked, crying.

"Yes. Please put the papers on the table by the bed."

It was dim and cool in the room. As I lay on the bed I could see the big mirror on the other side of the room but could not see what it reflected. The porter stood by the bed. He had a nice face and was very kind.

"You can go," I said to him. "You can go too," I said to the nurse. "What is your name?"

"Mrs. Walker."

"You can go, Mrs. Walker. I think I will go to sleep."

I was alone in the room. It was cool and did not smell like a hospital. The mattress was firm and comfortable and I lay without moving, hardly breathing, happy in feeling the pain lessen. After a while I wanted a drink of water and found the bell on a cord by the bed and rang it but nobody came. I went to sleep.

When I woke I looked around. There was sunlight coming in through the shutters. I saw the big armoire, the bare walls, and two chairs. My legs, in the dirty bandages, stuck straight out in the bed. I was careful not to move them. I was thirsty and I reached for the bell and pushed the button. I heard the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

door open and looked and it was a nurse. She looked young and pretty.

"Good morning," I said.

"Good morning," she said and came over to the bed. "We haven't been able to get the doctor. He's gone to Lake Como. No one knew there was a patient coming. What's wrong with you anyway?"

"I'm wounded. In the legs and feet and my head is hurt."

"What's your name?"

"Henry. Frederic Henry."

"I'll wash you up. But we can't do anything to the dressings until the doctor comes."

"Is Miss Barkley here?"

"No. There's no one by that name here."

"Who was the woman who cried when I came in?"

The nurse laughed. "That's Mrs. Walker. She was on night duty and she'd been asleep. She wasn't expecting any one."

While we were talking she was undressing me, and when I was undressed, except for the bandages, she washed me, very gently and smoothly. The washing felt very good. There was a bandage on my head but she washed all around the edge.

"Where were you wounded?"

"On the Izonzo north of Plava."

"Where is that?"

"North of Gorizia."

I could see that none of the places meant anything to her.

"Do you have a lot of pain?"

"No. Not much now."

She put a thermometer in my mouth.

"The Italians put it under the arm," I said.

"Don't talk."

When she took the thermometer out she read it and then shook it.

"What's the temperature?"

"You're not supposed to know that."

"Tell me what it is."

"It's almost normal."

"I never have any fever. My legs are full of old iron too."

"What do you mean?"

"They're full of trench mortar fragment, old screws and bed springs and things."

She shook her head and smiled.

"If you had any foreign bodies in your legs they would set up an inflammation and you'd have fever."

"All right," I said. "We'll see what comes out."

She went out of the room and came back with the old nurse of the early morning. Together they made the bed with me in it. That was new to me and an admirable proceeding.

"Who is in charge here?"

"Miss Van Campen."

"How many nurses are there?"

"Just us two."

"Won't there be more?"

"Some more are coming."

"When will they get here?"

"I don't know. You ask a great many questions for a sick boy."

"I'm not sick," I said, "I'm wounded."

They had finished making the bed and I lay with a clean smooth sheet under me and another sheet over me. Mrs. Walker went out and came back with a pajama jacket. They put that on me and I felt very clean and dressed.

"You're awfully nice to me," I said. The nurse called Miss Gage giggled. "Could I have a drink of water?" I asked.

"Certainly. Then you can have breakfast."

"I don't want breakfast. Can I have the shutters opened, please?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The light had been dim in the room and when the shutters were opened it was bright sunlight and I looked out on a balcony and beyond were the tile roofs of houses and chimneys. I looked out over the tiled roofs and saw white clouds and the sky very blue.

"Don't you know when the other nurses are coming?"

"Why? Don't we take good care of you?"

"You're very nice."

Afterward I lay and looked out the open doors onto the balcony.

"When does the doctor come?"

"When he gets back. We've tried to telephone to Lake Como for him."

"Aren't there any other doctors?"

"He's the doctor for the hospital."

Miss Gage brought a pitcher of water and a glass. I drank three glasses and then they left me and I looked out the window a while and went back to sleep. I ate some lunch and in the afternoon Miss Van Campen, the superintendent, came up to see me. She did not like me and I did not like her. She was small and neatly suspicious and too good for her position. She asked many questions and seemed to think it was somewhat disgraceful that I was with the Italians.

"Can I have wine with the meals?" I asked her.

"Only if the doctor prescribes it."

"I can't have it until he comes?"

"Absolutely not."

"You plan on having him come eventually?"

"We've telephoned him at Lake Como."

She went out and Miss Gage came back.

"Why were you rude to Miss Van Campen?" she asked, after she had done something for me very skilfully.

"I didn't mean to be. But she was snooty."

"She said you were domineering and rude."

"I wasn't. But what's the idea of a hospital without a doctor?"

"He's coming. They've telephoned for him to Lake Como."

"What does he do there? Swim?"

"No. He has a clinic there."

"Why don't they get another doctor?"

"Hush. Hush. Be a good boy and he'll come."

I sent for the porter and when he came I told him in Italian to get me a bottle of cinzano at the wineshop, a fiasco of chianti and the evening papers. He went away and brought them wrapped in newspaper, unwrapped them and I asked him to draw the corks and put the wine and vermouth under the bed. They left me alone and I lay in bed and read the papers a while, the news from the front, and the list of dead officers with their decorations and then reached down and brought up the bottle of cinzano and held it straight up on my stomach, the cool glass against my stomach, and took little drinks, making rings on my stomach from holding the bottle there between drinks, and watched it get dark outside over the roofs of the town. The swallows circled around and I watched them and the night hawks flying above the roofs and drank the cinzano. Miss Gage brought up a glass with some egg-nog in it. I lowered the vermouth bottle to the other side of the bed when she came in.

"Miss Van Campen had some sherry put in this," she said. "You shouldn't be rude to her. She's not young and this hospital is a big responsibility for her.

(Continued on page 723 of this number.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Professor in Poplin Land

BY JAMES H. GREENE

A professor makes the jump from college campus to department store and finds interesting facts about hard-boiled business people.

"Bill Moore has taken that job as vice-president of the Liggett Construction Company, Mary told me this afternoon at the tea." I began to squirm in my chair and lose interest in the educational journal, for I knew what was coming. "Jane wrote that Willard's salary has been increased twice since be became vice-president of the Mutual Insurance Company," continued my wife. And then it came: "Why can't you get a job of that sort? I believe you are smarter than either of those men. It just makes me sick to think of you wasting the best years of your life at the salary you are getting and see these friends of ours sail past us." I saw that Julia was sewing harder than usual on her old coat she had cut down for our daughter, and knew that I could not get by with the usual arguments. "Well, Julia, if I get a chance I'll take it. It isn't fair that you should have to skimp all the time." "Now, John, you know I am not thinking of myself. We love this place, you enjoy your work; and I don't know where I could get a pipe-organ and choir that would suit me better. I wasn't exactly serious." There was more talk, of course, not as the comic-strip artist puts it "far into the night," but we talked of it many times before that memorable week. But I am getting on too fast.

In the days of graduate study and later faculty membership, my wife and I had seen several colleagues leave the university to go into business. Such instances had always furnished interesting topics of conversation and debate, and there had been much gossip at the president's afternoons, over the chessboard at the University Club, and on the links, of the triumphs of the erudite when up against the question which must be answered to-day. In some cases the interest centred in the beautiful city home, servants, and social opportunities; in others, on the opportunities for unlimited research. The debatable question remained in every instance: "Did it really mean opportunity?"

It was at that time a comparatively new academic question, this challenge of the practical to the theoretical, which has drawn the academic philosopher from his comfortable armchair, his books, his friends, and his classes to what?—to an office with hours and routine, assistants and clerks and questions which cannot be put off, and an opportunity to see if his theories and practices can be put into columns and added up to spell profit. As each one left these comfortable scenes, his friends regarded him curiously, much as one might regard an old resident setting forth for Timbuctoo. Frequently these travellers returned for a visit, full of the jargon of business and often with expensive automobiles as proof of their prosperity.

All of this panorama had passed before us and we had talked about it as did others until Willard Buskirk went into

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the insurance company and became a vice-president, and then Bill Moore, one of the best men on the engineering faculty, finally accepted the offer the construction company had made annually to him for the last five years. Reports from the land just beyond the horizon began to hold a more personal interest. It was no longer an academic question. Were we making a mistake? Were there opportunities for service? Was it merely a matter of money, which after all had to be spent to keep up appearances?

And then it happened, as I have said. I remember I had just received my doctor's degree and was looking forward to some new work and classes. Julia handed me a telegram as I entered the door and she wasn't smiling. "I opened it and I don't want you to go." Good old Julia, she has always been a brick. I read the message and learned that, thanks to the efforts of an old colleague, a department store was willing to take a chance on an agricultural-college professor—on me! Well, the opportunity had come. Lightning had struck *our* house now, for so it seemed while we were discussing it for a week. Some of my friends were unkind enough to speak of it as a descent from shearing fleece to fleecing the sheared. Others pointedly wanted to know of what possible use I could be to a department store. I was asking myself the same question. It occurred to no one to speak of a bull in a china-shop, but some who claimed to know the inside workings of business hinted at a possible lamb-among-wolves situation.

In spite of this gloomy talk and in spite of Julia's eleventh-hour repentance, I resolved to see what was back of that "brick in the chimney." In order that there could be no turning back, I sent in my resignation, packed up my household goods, and with my plucky but tearful wife said good-by to the dean and set forth like the small boy who goes West to fight the Indians.

I made one resolution—to keep my past a secret. For the most part I was successful, although one fellow worker, a German, called me Doctor. It was evident that I had not succeeded in getting the campus bag entirely out of my trousers, or perhaps my Teutonic friend had developed the ability to nose out Ph.D.'s in the Fatherland. Just how much curiosity there was at the beginning I never knew and perhaps it was just as well. By the time that members of the firm wanted to know if I thought I could handle their "merchant princes," I had developed enough of the assurance of the trade to retort that I did not believe they would be any more difficult than the "landed barons" I had left behind me.

Beyond the trials of living in a whited sepulchre tinted by the hand of time, three walk-ups, our home life was not unpleasant. Or was it that I was too tired at night to know or care? I said that Julia was a brick. She endured it all wonderfully, considering the fact that she could not find a church that wanted an organist. Of course she had to "bust out" once in a while. There was the time that she selected a busy afternoon to come down and cry on my shoulder in my glass-enclosed office. "Oh, John, let's go back to the university, even if you can't get anything better than a janitor's job." As I patted her shoulder and shooed her out of the door, I heard one chap say: "That must be the wife of somebody he just laid off."

My campus was now twelve large floors and two warehouses. I recalled how I used to think that Prexy and the deans must have soft snaps. Now I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wanted to sympathize with them. I can remember well the first time I had to fire a man. When you told a student that he had failed or was taking too many cuts, it was received meekly. To get boisterous or even remonstrate mildly was just not done in the university circles to which I had been accustomed. I was therefore unprepared for the man who deserved to be fired and yet said he wouldn't be. In fact, he followed up his statement with an invitation to settle the matter on the field of honor, the alley back of our building. What did business men do under such circumstances? Throw him out, call the police, or leave the office? I had not covered that point in the reading I was doing in the evening. While I was trying to recover my scattered wits, an associate who had been a great help on many occasions passed the office. I rushed outside and unburdened myself. Under his instructions I returned to my office, where the following scene took place.

My telephone rang. I answered it. "Yes, he is right here in my office." Pause. "Yes, I'll tell him," I said, as I hung up the receiver and turned about to face my would-be opponent with a new light of battle in my eye. "That was the chief of detectives, and he said that if you did not get out of the store right off, he was coming up after you." It worked, and I was once more alone and conscious of the fact that on a twelve-floor campus there are many things to be learned which are not included in the curricula of those covered with grass.

I lost twenty pounds the first six months, but gained a ton of experience. Among other things I found out that there are kinds of competition other than that which you enjoy with competitors. You had to sell your ideas and plans in competition with smart associates who had only read of college campuses. When I had an idea in the old days and went into the dean's office with it, he always complimented me, and if it was not approved, I went out with the feeling that the old place wasn't just ready for it. Not so in business. There was little time for compliments, and all of the holes had to be plugged up before you got a chance to be heard. Sometimes the first question was enough to send you out scurrying for more data.

There were those monthly executive dinners. How I had enjoyed the first one—good food, fine service, prosperous-looking table companions, and a welcome for me, a newcomer. But those that followed lost that first flavor. I did not have any appetite. When the demitasses were pushed aside, that crowd went into action (literally and not figuratively). They overlooked nothing in their insatiable appetite for criticism. I used to think dreamily of the few cases mentioned in whispered tones, when the president or a dean had talked a little louder than usual because some one had smoked on the campus or had left for the summer without turning in his grades. The past was very far away, for in the present the verb "to pan" was being demonstrated to me in all its voices, moods, and tenses. The methods of avoiding hazing and freshman training in the fraternity house seemed so futile.

But it was a wonderful education. My first concern, when I found time to have one, centred around the question, could I ever learn to fight and then forget about it when I had gained my point? On one occasion I remember losing my temper and firing a minor executive because of insubordination. I had tasted blood. But he beat me up to the president's office, where I was advised to go in order to prevent any back-fire. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

president, to whom I owe more for tuition than I have ever paid to any registrar, opened up without preliminaries and gave me his opinion of my value to the firm, and ended by telling me that my job was to keep people from being fired. "We don't have you on our payroll to fire a man; we can do that ourselves." It was on the tip of my tongue to ask him about the last three men I had kept him from firing, but I decided that there was a bigger issue at stake and I didn't propose to be diverted. The blood of some old Yankee trader ancestor must have rushed to the proper physiological centres, because I waded into the man who was feared as well as beloved by the whole institution. Just what I said is gone now, although I remembered saying that I was through being a door-mat, had tried to be a gentleman and found it didn't pay; and then as an earnest of my new resolve I threw in a few choice expressions I had picked up in the store garage. I do remember pounding his desk (a trick I had rehearsed privately for just such emergencies).

He didn't exactly give me the grip and password of the fraternity, but I can still see the grin on his face as he realized that perhaps I was worth saving after all. At any rate, he began to talk about something else, and I knew that I had scored. From that day on he never ceased to go out of his way to give me some of the best training I ever received. To me it was a demonstration of the fact that temper if controlled is a valuable business asset.

My education in the field of applied psychology continued. The college hard-luck story is more generally accepted than those of other brands, else how would our kitchens ever be so bountifully supplied with aluminum-ware! Two students purporting to come from a near-by university applied for work during the holiday season. Their clothes, manner, and deportment were as characteristic as their story. Their lack of references was easily explained and the need for immediate employment stressed. I gathered the brethren to our institutional bosom, and learned later in the day from the firm and chief of our secret service that I had employed two notorious thieves.

Then there was the problem of the floormen. What department store has not had it? What would the humorists of the past generation have done were it not for the department-store floorwalker? The task of getting bigger and better floormen was turned over to me. The answer seemed absurdly easy to a trained mind. Devise a psychological test which would automatically select this bigger and better variety from the current offerings. With the help of some "real" professors such a test was devised. All that remained was to standardize or test it; that is, to see if it would select the best floormen now in the store. It was necessary to get these men to take the test. I thought I did a very neat job in presenting the matter, but I was soon to be disillusioned. They flatly refused.

I had some difficulty in checking the open rebellion and learning the cause. At last one of the group was persuaded to talk. "We don't mind being asked how many holes there are in a golf-course, although I don't see why a floorman outside of the sporting-goods department should know that, but we do object to having you find out how we spend our evenings by asking what will beat three of a kind." A great light suddenly dawned and I felt that I had completed another graduate course.

Gradually I became one of the crowd.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here and there an associate called me by my first name. One man didn't like it and christened me himself—a name that still sticks in certain quarters. The rank and file came to me. Joys, sorrows, humor, and pathos flowed in and out of my office in a continuous stream. There was poor Bill Myers, that pathetic, droopy floorman who was always eating worms in somebody's garden. His wife was his sole trouble, but he didn't seem to want to enjoy relief. She was always locking him out, and neighbors were continually telling him tales of rival admirers. The fact that she worked too lessened his hold on her. All of these things and many others were poured into my sympathetic ears. For some time he had suspected that she was sharing her wages with other men. Certain of his personal effects disappeared and he believed that they had gone the same way. One Monday his tale had a new note. He was planning to leave town the following Saturday. There seemed to have been a crowning offense which he was reluctant to tell. A few questions, however, revealed the delinquency in all of its hideousness. "I didn't exactly mind when she gave away my ties and socks, but oh, Mr. Yates, she has given away that little gold pocketknife that the girls in the underwear department at Cohen's gave me when I left there. It is more than I can stand and I will have to go away and try to forget it." Thinking of the weekly recitals, I did not discourage him from carrying out his resolution.

My mail was one of the high spots in my daily round of duties. Surprise packages at a church fair could not compare with it. One morning brought a letter from a man who threatened to make trouble for the store if I did not discharge his wife. Wishing to avoid a scene, I wrote to him to come in to see me. In the meantime an interview with his wife threw no light on the difficulty. A few days later a little moth-eaten man appeared in the doorway and proved to be the author of the letter. A half-pathetic, half-humorous story of a neglected husband, neglected home, and stepchildren, and a wife who yearned for the bright lights was poured out. Undarned socks and meals prepared by himself were also featured. Sordid details of waiting on corners at the close of working hours, only to see her walk past with averted face on the arm of a male companion, were thrown in. Would I restore the wife to the bosom of her family or would I for commercial gain wreck a home? It was a poser and had not been covered in any college course I had ever taken or given. I finally decided on procrastination, but promised to talk to the woman in the case.

This interview proved more productive. There was another side—a parent-made match with a widower, an older man, a mid-Victorian conception of faithful Penelope at the fireside, no money for the things normal women want. A second interview with the middle-aged widower followed in which I tried to give advice on the necessity for allowing modern women considerable latitude. Would he rather have a wife who worked for the things he could not or would not provide, or no wife at all? She left him, but not before he called me on the telephone and asked me to come out to their home and sit in as a referee in marital bankruptcy. Even though my scientific leanings tempted me to follow up the case, my practical experience warned me to keep to the safety of my glass-enclosed office.

I learned that the department-store buyer was of necessity a combination of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charles Schwab and Mary Garden. Temperamental he must be if he would understand the needs of his changeable clientele; a shrewd bargainer with his resource agents if he would secure his merchandise at a price. Quite naturally he carried these traits into his dealings in the store. At times unreasonable in his demands upon his subordinates, no one knew how many times his hand dipped into his private purse to allay suffering.

There was the dashing Miss Abrams who bought the millinery. Loud talking in her section usually meant that a weeping or belligerent girl would shortly appear at my office with a tale of "being bawled out in public." I regarded Miss Abrams as a distinct liability from a personnel view-point, a matter which we debated often and without a decision. Then one day she called me on the telephone and asked me if I would go to one of the hospitals in her place that evening. One of her girls who was ill there had asked for her, but it was necessary for her to catch a train for market. As I sat beside that hospital bed and saw the wan face light up as the girl talked of her boss, showed me the flowers and fruit that had come, and told of money for rent at home, I saw this forceful woman in a new light.

Never have I known a more sympathetic, open-hearted, open-handed group of people. Fighting you one moment to gain a business point and counselling you in the next as to how one of your problems could be solved. No game of business has more enthusiastic, hard-working players than are to be found within the walls of a modern department store.

Many of my socialistically inclined friends had warned me that business was hard-boiled and that its personnel activities were largely a gesture. There were many other demonstrations of the falseness of this view. I recall that one Christmas the usual plan of encouraging Santa Claus letters for publicity purposes was inaugurated. When Johnnie wrote "please bring me an automobile," Santa was to reply in an encouraging but not promising vein, and it was hoped that father and mother would see the letter and the results would show in the financial statement of the toy department. I never knew what prompted the "big chief" to have some of these cases investigated. Perhaps some of the letters described previous Christmases when Santa had disappointed, or perhaps it was just his ability to interpret situations which baffled or meant nothing to others. At any rate, he changed the whole campaign. There was the fatherless family who lived in a little shack on top of a steep hill. Many executives in that store puffed up that hill with baskets after he had told in an executive meeting of the ragged hungry kids, the empty cupboard, and the sick mother. While all Santa Claus letters were answered, the force of investigators was increased, and I really believe he got more kick out of the reports of what was found and what was given than he did out of his daily reports of what was sold.

In those caveman days of business, there was little sympathy in certain quarters with men who talked about the human element and employee welfare. This was regarded as soft stuff. The brand being peddled at that time was very soft, and fortunately is off the market now. I was surprised, however, to find that some of the men who enjoyed the biggest reputations for being hard-boiled had a human side which they did not let their associates see. I believe now

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that their success was due as much, if not more, to it than to their trading methods. Ben Turner belonged to this group. Known from coast to coast as the biggest operator in his line, he was reputed to be worth a million dollars. He could get the gold out of the teeth of the manufacturers with whom he traded and sell anything to anybody, any time. He had started his business career selling crayon-portrait enlargements and had studied for the ministry somewhere along the way.

"Ben," I said one day after I believed I had won his friendship, "what is the most worth-while thing you have done in your business career?" Somehow I must have caught him with his guard up, because his hand instinctively strayed toward a drawer in his desk from which he pulled a cloth binder. As he opened it up on his desk I leaned over his shoulder and noted as he turned the pages letters on the stationery of some of the biggest stores in the country. Those letters revealed a Ben Turner whom none of us knew, for they were from boys in his department who had gone out to bigger jobs and had written back to give him credit for it when they had made good. Not a word of wealth, volume of business, reputation in the trade, or standing with the firm. Just a bunch of intensely human letters from some old salesmen of his. I felt like saying: "Ben Turner, you're an old fraud. Are you showing me this because you feel it is what I want to see and that I won't tell on you?" But I didn't try to joke, and I was glad I didn't, because there was moisture in his eyes and huskiness in his voice when he swung around and said: "You know, whenever I get blue I like to take these letters out and read them." Good old Ben, you fooled the rest of the gang and you almost fooled me, but you couldn't fool those boys.

I am still peregrinating in poplin land, but the funny thing about it is that I am back in a university too. Neither crowd regards me curiously, and I do not have to change clothes or manners when I pass from one to the other. Whether this is indicative of the progress of education, business, or both, is an interesting question. I am an optimist and like to give both some credit. This business of being a liaison officer is great fun, and I believe that I now have it all over Bill Moore and Willard Buskirk. Julia thinks so too, but adds that she wishes that the twenty pounds I admit I got back hadn't been applied in one place. She has two organ jobs now, and I threaten to retire if she gets a third.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Freed

BY EDGAR VALENTINE SMITH

SINGLY, by twos and by threes, they hobbled into the dimly lighted lodge-room, moving with the creaking, rheumatic gait of age. Their backs were bent, their hair gray; their brown faces were wrinkled.

With one mind they sought places near the carpeted dais on which Jasper Benbrook stood. They pulled their chairs closer, leaned forward, holding cupped hands behind half-deaf ears. Jasper was as stooped as any of them; his hair was white and he leaned upon a cane. Very like them he was, yet peculiarly different.

"My frien's," he said, "as yo' tempora'y puhsidin' officer, I greets you—de culled a'istoc'acy o' dis gran' ol' State."

There was a ripple of applause, such as one might expect from the clapping of wrinkled palms and the stamping of half-palsied feet.

He reminded them that they had met to form an ex-slaves' association. . . . Their generation was passing. . . . But their ideals should be preserved. . . . How should they go about the business of organization . . .?

One of those ancient ones rose creakily to his feet. "Mistuh Cheermun, I—I moves, suh, dat you 'point a committee to draf' a constitootion an' by-laws—an' so fo'th."

The motion carried.

"I names on dat committee . . . Brothuh . . . Yerby"—Jasper bowed toward the one indicated—"Brothuh . . . Dismukes"—another bow—"an' . . . Brothuh Whitesides. Will de committee please retire?"

Then memory painted pictures for old Jasper Benbrook. . . .

A brown boy went with his slave father hauling a load of cotton to town. That section was in the midst of the most bitter political campaign it had ever known. But the boy understood nothing of such matters. With his father absent on an errand, he sat in the rear of the wagon, dangling brown legs contentedly, feasting his eyes on strange sights. He did not even notice that there were two distinct groups of men, keeping, each, to its side of the street, until he saw two swiftly drawn rows of horse-pistols spitting fire across the market-place. And then . . .

Old Ca'line, bending over her tub on the Benbrook plantation a mile from town, turned at the sound of thudding bare feet. In a moment the boy was beside her, panting, his face ashen, clutching at her skirt, screaming:

"Mammy, de white folks is fightin'! Dey's killin' one anothuh!"

Ca'line drew him to her to quiet his hysterical sobbing. "Hush, chile! Dey won't hurt you—no mattuh how mad dey gits wid one anothuh—long's you's outen dey way. You's plum' safe—at home."

Another picture: The boy, Jasper, at eighteen. A night in July: a pine torch stuck in the swamp earth. Brown faces in a circle, lighted weirdly. Spraylike leaves of cypress, gray-green in the fire-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

glow. A cadaverous-faced white man, thin body swaying at the hips. His rasping half-whisper: Freedom, man's heritage. . . . Slavery, a thing accursed. . . . And something . . . about an underground railway . . .

Jasper felt a sudden contempt for the other Benbrook slaves who had not ventured to the trysting-place. Fool niggers!—to brag about belongin' to the Benbrooks! S'posin' the old judge didn't hardly ever let one of 'em be whipped. That make 'em free? Could they choose their work? When the judge said chop cotton, didn't they chop? An' if he said pick, didn't they pick . . .?

Dawn found him in the field behind a leisurely gaited mule, his bare feet crushing clods of the soft delta earth. Strange thoughts haunted him as he came to where the cotton rows ended at the bank of a wide yellow river.

Ol' river, he mused, was free—plum' free. He'd like to see somebody try to keep it in one place! Rose 'way up yonder somewheres an' rambled on to 'way down yonder somewheres. . . . If it wanted to loaf, it loafed. Sometimes, in eddy places, it stopped dead still. . . . An' when it got ready to get out of its banks, it got out . . . an' stayed out—if it wanted to. . . .

He saw some of the other negroes, with pointing forefingers, counting the first few pink and white blooms. He recalled the saying that if a man, standing in his field on the Fourth of July, could count anywhere within sight a dozen blossoms, he was assured a good crop. Something like rage against those laughing, perspiring slaves surged within Jasper. Fool niggers! Countin' somebody else's cotton blooms! Jokin' with one another! Singin' . . .!

Then one night he eased himself into the yellow river. Three weeks later he stepped from a steamboat in Cincinnati.

He wished those Benbrook niggers could see him—here in a big city—free. And they? Still slaves. Doin' the same work, day in an' day out. Goin' to the same cabins every night. Listenin' to katydids in the live-oaks, and hound dawgs—always the same hounds!—bayin' the moon. . . .

Since a freedman chose his tasks, he decided that he would be a house-boy. But residents whom he visited demanded references. To one of these he gave an answer that might have furnished a psychologist with a problem, for he said brazenly:

"Marster, I's one de Benbrook niggahs—f'm Mis'sippi." And, as a clincher: "Eve'ybody knows de Benbrooks."

This man, though, had never heard of the family. Moreover, he chided Jasper kindly.

"Remember," he said, "that you are *not* a 'Benbrook negro' now. You're a colored man—a free colored man."

"Yessuh, marster." Jasper's bosom swelled. "Dat's whut I lef' foh: to git free. I ain't forgot."

Although he failed to get a position, he strode with a lighter step down the street. He was no slave: he was free. And free folks were all equals. That made him as good as anybody. As good as the white man who had just given him advice. As good, even, as—as—he looked about for a fitting comparison. As good as that gentleman yonder across the street in his high silk hat and swingeller coat. He imitated the man: his slow, dignified stride, the poise of his head. He even imagined himself twirling an ebony cane just as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

debonairly as the gentleman twirled his.

But he failed to get work as a house-boy. At last, he went to work at the docks.

Presently he began blaming the city for an otherwise inexplicable restlessness that gripped him. He lay awake at nights, listening for katydids, the baying of hounds. Then he scorned himself. *He* was *free!* He'd go to the country—to a plantation.

There were no plantations, as he learned, but farms, where people raised grain and hay. And the white people who worked them were so long-faced! Looked at a boy kind of funny, too, when he sang or laughed at his tasks. And when, at the end of a well-hoed row, he paused to cut the pigeonwing, they seemed to think he was loafing. Didn't everybody know that a good field-hand sang and danced at his work?

He wondered why they were all so serious. Rarely did they smile. Perhaps it was because he was becoming so intensely introspective that he was not awake to what was going on about him. Vaguely, he heard people talking of things about which he knew nothing, things of which he had never even heard: the Union . . . abolition . . . secession . . . Sometimes, too, he noticed that a group stared at him questioningly—almost accusingly. But he had so many other things to think about that he paid slight heed to this.

He spent a year on the farm. Sometimes he found himself, quite unintentionally, visualizing brown faces in an adjoining row—brown faces shining with perspiration—flashing an ivory-toothed grin of fellowship. He caught himself listening, in fancy, to voices raised in threats, terribly vicious outwardly, but made in the best of humor:

"Looky here, nigguh! You poke yo' black hoof ovuh in my row ag'in an' I'll chop yo' big toe off! Den whare would you be at?"

But he thrust the visions from him. Nigger talk! Slave foolishness. . . . Tryin' to act like they were happy . . .! Those Benbrook niggers didn't know what it was to be really happy—and free. They ought to see him: a colored man, choosing his tasks . . .

But presently, even had he tried to occupy himself with his thoughts so that he would have shut out everything else, he could not have done so, because of the things the white people were talking about. He heard with increasing frequency one of those strange words: secession. Secession . . .? What did it mean? He began to worry.

One morning the farm-owner came hurrying from the house brandishing a newspaper. The hands gathered about him. Jasper came up last. They were talking excitedly. A young man, his face flushed, turned to Jasper.

"It's come, Benbrook," he said.

"Whut's come?" Jasper asked indifferently.

"War—man!—war!"

"Wah?" Jasper frowned with the effort of thought. His mind began trying to piece together fragments it held of the talk he had heard half-consciously. "Whut . . . wah?"

"The war that everybody's known for more than a year was bound to come!" was the impatient answer. "Don't you know the Southern States have been seceding? Now they've fired on Fort Sumter."

"Whare . . . whare is de wah at?"

Eager voices began explanations. Opinions as to the spread and duration of the conflict differed. It would be a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

long war. . . . It would end shortly. . . . They'd drive those Southerners back into the Union. . . . The area affected would be small. . . . No; the entire country would be involved, and every able-bodied man . . .

They stopped talking to gaze in wonderment at this strange brown boy. Jasper dropped his hoe. He turned for a fleeting moment to the east, toward the sun, half-way up in the sky. He might have been some wild thing that had been trapped, loosed suddenly, in that instant that it casts a harried look about it to get its bearings before taking flight. Then long, hurrying strides took him directly across the corn-rows. His impatient feet trampled upon or brushed aside the young stalks. His eyes were on the distant horizon. When he came to the fence, he cleared it with an effortless leap.

Thought had not been necessary. One thing he knew above all other things: when the white folks started fighting among themselves, a negro's place was at home. Nowhere else! At home, where, huddled with others of his kind, frightened, even deathly afraid, he could draw comfort from association, even though it were only that of a community of misery.

Later, as he hurried along, he began to realize that fear of what might happen to him away from home while the white folks were fighting was not the only thing that speeded his feet southward. He knew now why he had missed the katydids, the baying of hounds. He admitted the thing which for a long time he had obstinately denied: that he was, perhaps, the most unutterably lonely, the most unbearably homesick, brown boy on earth.

Thoughts of the reception he would receive at home intensified rather than lessened his eagerness to get there. First, there'd be the old judge. He'd heard other negroes tell how he made them feel:

Ol' judge, settin' on the front veranda, stiff-backed, when ol' Pompey took you before 'im. An' there he'd set—just lookin' at you—not sayin' a word. But . . . *that look!* Turned you wrong side out to see what it was inside you made you ack thatta way. Made you feel like—like you'd been caught stealin' somep'm you didn't have any right to steal. Fine'ly, though, he'd motion Unc' Pomp to take you away. That would be all—excep' that next time you started to do somep'm real low-down, you remembered how the judge looked at you—an' you shivered all over—an' didn't do it. He'd sure be glad to see the judge.

And the bantering of the other slaves: "Wel-l . . . Lawd bless my soul, if it ain't Jaspuh! Runned away, did you, Jaspuh? An' den you up an' runned back ag'in. Bet you made better time comin' dan you did goin'."

He hurried down a road, its dust laid by recent spring rains, getting his bearings from the sun, taking the forks that pointed southward. He saw neatly kept farms with houses and fences newly painted; fields in which his practised eyes showed him the fence corners were clear of weeds. Winter wheat, well started, carpeted stretches of earth. Occasionally he saw the purple stems of spring oats, just sprouting. Pigs grunted as they rooted in the soft ground. The green of young pastures showed above the dead growth on sloping meadows. He knelt to drink where a brook bubbled over a pebbly bed.

A calf, nibbling at the tender young grass, advanced mincingly almost to a paralleling fence. Big ears cocked forward, it gazed at Jasper with question-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing brown eyes; it sniffed at him suspiciously. Then, for no apparent reason, with a raucous "um-blah-h!" it pirouetted on its front feet, kicked its hind legs into the air, and romped away in a sort of sidewise, buck-jumping lope, its tail upright.

Momentarily Jasper forgot that the white folks were fighting among themselves. He wanted to laugh—and he did laugh, throwing his head back, opening his mouth, and just letting the sound roll out. He felt like singing—and he did sing, the words of a hymn he had learned on the plantation coming with what struck him as peculiar appropriateness:

"We're go-o-o-in' home, no mo-o-o-re to roam,
No more to sin an' sorruh;
No mo-o-o-re to wear the brow-w-w of care,
We're goin' ho-o-o-me . . . tuhmorrow."

At a bend in the road he saw a man pacing to and fro with a gun on his shoulder. At sight of Jasper the man whirled, dropped the muzzle of the gun toward him with an abrupt *"Halt!"*

Jasper only slackened his pace. "Suh?" he asked.

"Halt!" The command came with more emphasis.

"Yessuh." Jasper stopped. "I's haltin', marster, but I's in a pow'ful hurry——"

"Where are you going?"

"Home, suh." Jasper observed now that the man wore a blue cap and a blue suit with brass buttons. "Jus' as fas' as my two foots kin ca'y me, an'——"

"Where's your home?"

"Mis'sippi, marster. Got a long ways to go an' mighty short time to make it in. 'Cause de white folks is fightin', an' a nigguh's place——"

"You can't get to Mississippi."

"Cain't . . . git home?" For a moment Jasper's brain refused to function; he could only mumble stupidly: "But . . . I's got to git home. I's *got* to git home!"

The man shook his head. "I'll have to call the corporal of the guard." He faced about and bawled something that was unintelligible to Jasper.

Gripped by an unreasoning terror, Jasper placed on the situation the only interpretation of which he was capable: here was one man with a gun evidently summoning other men with guns . . .

Instinct moved him. With a bound he was out of the road; he cleared a fence and raced madly for the nearest covering. But he had gone in precisely the wrong direction, for he ran squarely into the guard relief. They seized him, refused to listen to his terrified excuses, and hustled him to headquarters of the detachment guarding the road.

The officer in command looked at him sternly. "What's this about your trying to break through the lines?" he demanded.

"Marster, I wuzn't tryin' to bu'st no lines!" Jasper was now tearful. "I wuz jus' tryin' to git home. I got to git home. 'Cause de white folks——"

Then the officer, understanding, explained why travel southward, unless one bore a passport, was impossible. The South was at war with the Union; Federal troops were guarding roads, lest spies get through with information to the rebel army.

Jasper understood enough of what was being said to read the pronouncement of his own doom. "Den whicha way, marster," he asked hopelessly, "kin I go?"

"Back where you came from."

It was this that brought the *wanderlust* to Jasper Benbrook. He travelled, seeking to leave his thoughts behind. Although he learned the trade of a bar-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ber, he never stayed in one place long. Many persons remembered him as a quietly industrious young colored man, always preoccupied, yet who served them faultlessly—and respectfully.

On a day in July he approached on foot a town in southern Pennsylvania. At the first outlying houses he slackened his pace, stopped, incredulous. Could this be true? Up North? Branching from the single main street, wide, tree-bordered lanes led to great estates. White palings enclosed neatly clipped lawns. He saw, heart-achingly, familiar flowers. And white-walled houses with stately columns supporting the roofs of two-storied verandas sat in spacious grounds.

He fought back something that threatened to strangle him. He entered one of the lanes, laid a hand reverently on one of the fences, peered over it expectantly. But no brown faces flashed an answering look. Still, he cocked an ear, listening for the chanting of familiar songs.

A Sabbatical stillness enveloped everything. It seemed to him like a benediction. Here, he told himself, he would settle down; his wanderings were ended.

He began working in the barbershop. Here he heard names that had become increasingly familiar: Lee, Jackson, Longstreet. The townspeople, eyeing him queerly, asked questions: Wasn't he afraid to remain there?—Why should he be?—Because, should Lee and his rebel horde come, he, a runaway slave . . .

Here Jasper kept his own counsel. But he had laid a definite course.

One day a farmer's boy rode his sweat-lathered horse into town. The rebels were coming! was the word he spread. They were as thick as bees swarming on the bough of an apple-tree.

Jasper told himself that he would surely be captured. When that happened, he'd tell those rebels he was one of Judge Benbrook's niggers—f'm Mis'sippi. They'd send for the judge. (Jasper felt intuitively that the judge had joined the Confederate army.) The judge'd come—an' give 'im that look. Fine'ly, though, he'd turn to Gen'al Lee an' say:

"Yes, gen'al; he's one o' my niggers. Old Ca'line's Jasper. He ran away, but I reckon he's ready to run back. I'll send 'im home."

While they were still a long way off, he saw the cavalry of the advance-guard, the hoofs of their horses kicking up the dust. They entered the town at a brisk trot, the long black plumes in the hats of the riders bobbing up and down with the steps of their mounts.

An officer barked a command: "Draw-w-w . . . *sabres!*"

From that moment Jasper carried one mental picture of which he could not have rid himself had he tried: a thousand flashing swords—as he saw them — whipped from scabbards, gleaming in a swift upward arc, to drop to rest at *the carry*. A thousand shining blades, held unwaveringly, points upward, at the sides of a thousand gaunt-faced men, who sat slenderly erect in saddles that creaked of new leather.

He saw infantrymen in new gray uniforms, with shining muskets, and canteens and haversacks, the spoils of recent battles. Their feet seemed to scorn the feel of alien soil. Then came field-pieces of brass and bronze, polished until the sheen of them hurt Jasper's eyes.

But . . . he wasn't being captured. Puzzled, he ventured into the street; moved to where the stirrups of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

riders almost grazed his body. Still, no one paid him any heed.

Suddenly he shouted aloud. With one of the wagon-trains he saw several negro cooks and body-servants. He ran up to them.

"Howdy, folkses!" He waved his hat in greeting. "Howdy!"

An elderly negro regarded him stonily. "Whut you wants, boy?" he demanded.

"Nothin'—much." Jasper laughed in his face. Cross-talkin' ol' nigger couldn't scare him—now. " 'Ceptin' I's gwine climb on dat waggin an' j'ine yo'-all's rebel ahmy——"

"*Rebel* ahmy?" The light that flamed in the old man's eyes withered Jasper. "Whut you means, callin' dis de *rebel* ahmy? Dis is de *Confed'ate* ahmy —Gen'al Robbut E. Lee's *Confed'ate* ahmy—you blue-bellied Yankee nigguh!"

"I—I ain't no Yankee!" Trotting beside the wagon, Jasper's denial sounded pitiably unconvincing, even to himself. "I's f'm Mis'sip——"

"Den whut *is* you?" The old man's eyes bored through him. "Is you . . . a runaway?"

Jasper's head drooped. He couldn't answer the question. As he stumbled away to hide himself, he heard a taunting chorus from those other negroes:

"Runaway nigguh! Tuck de freedom mis'ry. Tried to turn hisse'f inta a Yankee!"

After Gettysburg he saw the gray army again. As the advance-guard of retreating cavalrymen came in sight, it was with a sudden, sharp pang that he missed that gleaming arc of swords. Then he saw the reason: the sabres were sheathed.

The field-pieces were foul with mud and dust, their muzzles grimy with powder-smoke. The wheels of the carriages, with many of the spokes splintered or missing, wobbled their protest. The horses stumbled along; their heads, hanging low, swayed dejectedly from side to side. Their flanks and hocks were caked with mud, formed of the dust and their own sweat. Their riders slumped listlessly in service-stained saddles.

The men on foot, many of them with heads bandaged and arms in slings, limped as they marched. Their muskets were a dull, rusty brown, their uniforms so stained with dust that the original gray was indistinguishable.

Then Jasper Benbrook came wholly to himself. He shed the last vestige of his dream. The thing that had been born in him was bred in his bone. He was not, he told himself—*he never could be!*—a free colored man. He was just a plain nigger, a plantation nigger, a *Benbrook* nigger—always and forevermore a Benbrook nigger—f'm Mis-'sippi. . . .

The column halted. At the head of a decimated infantry regiment an elderly mounted officer, his gray mustache drooping, sat listlessly in his saddle. His gaze was fixed moodily on his horse's ears.

Jasper hurried up to him, crumpling his hat nervously in both hands. "Marster," he begged, "lemme j'ine you-all, please, suh. I kin clean guns an' saddles an' curry hawsses an'——"

For just a moment the man's dull eyes shifted to Jasper; dwelt upon him fleetingly, as though he envisioned a future in which the gray army might be hard put to look after its own without picking up straylings. Even then he spoke no word; he only shook his head slowly, and his eyes returned to their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moody contemplation of his horse's ears.

Jasper understood only the gesture. It left him stunned. A little thing—just the negative shake of a white man's head. But to Jasper there was finality in it. It closed definitely the road that led home.

He left the town. More than ever, now, the *wanderlust* gripped him. The end of a decade—when he was thirty years old—found him travelling aimlessly. And at forty he was still a wanderer. But with the coming of his fiftieth birthday anniversary he decided to settle down. He chose a small town in northern New York, where he opened a barber-shop.

Ten years passed—fifteen—twenty. At the end of thirty years he still lived in the town. His hair had turned gray, then white; he had grown a patriarchal beard. He was an old man, with a round-shouldered stoop, who walked with a cane. He was known as Mr. Benbrook, the colored gentleman who ran the barber-shop. Had he sought it, he might have attained to eminence, for he was sober, industrious, and possessed of an impeccable dignity becoming to his years. People liked, too, his old-fashioned air of deference toward them. But they observed that, while he was never rudely taciturn, he was given to living within himself; that beyond the demands of his trade, he had few associations.

One day a flock of wild geese honking overhead drew his attention. Due doubtless to the burden of homesickness that colored all his thoughts, he had formed a bizarre conception of their annual migrations. They did not live in the North, he assured himself, and go South for the winter. No; the opposite was the case. They belonged in the South, and only came North—as now—to spend the summer. And every winter they went back home.

Before the flock passed from sight he saw the downward swoop of their pinions catch the sunlight to reflect it on the upward arc in flashing rays. His thoughts flew backward sixty years: a thousand sword-blades gleaming in a semicircle over the heads of a thousand mounted men . . .

Then, without explanation, he sold his barber-shop. When he left town he travelled in the direction whence the wild geese had come.

In a city in Pennsylvania he saw posters announcing the annual reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic. He joined the crowds but watched the parade apathetically, for he saw only squads of old men in blue suits walking along the street. Presently he found himself forced back from the curb by the press of cheering throngs about him.

He noticed, though, that the shouting suddenly fell off in volume, ceased entirely. People were craning their necks, looking down that oncoming line of marchers. And then some of them found themselves jostled unceremoniously, felt the digging of elbows in their sides. They heard a voice:

"Lemme git th'ough, white folks! Lemme git th'ough—*please!*"

They made way for a colored man—a very stooped and very old colored man—who emerged just as a handful of men uniformed differently from the others came abreast of him. It was the local post of the United Confederate Veterans, invited as a courtesy to take part in the parade.

A policeman laid a restraining hand on Jasper. "You can't cross the street here, old man," he warned.

"Ain't aimin' to cross no street, mars-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ter," Jasper panted, and wriggled free. "I's gwine to j'ine 'em."

The crowd saw him shuffle into the street; noticed that he carried his hat in one hand and a cane in the other. But no one could have known what his thoughts were when, just as he fell into line behind the last of those gray-clad men, he whipped the cane over his head in a segment of a circle and brought it to rest, tip upward, by his side.

One of those in the rear rank saw the gesture. For a moment he seemed to hesitate; then he beckoned Jasper to a place beside him. When Jasper shook his head, the other reached behind him, caught him by the hand, and drew him alongside. A long-drawn-out cheer, that swelled into a sobbing roar, voiced the crowd's tribute to the act.

But Jasper was too busy thinking—and feeling—to listen to a lot of folks yelling. His feeling had to do with a white man's gesture, sixty years earlier, that had closed a road. And of another gesture by another white man—just now—that opened the road. His thoughts were terribly jumbled. Something about . . . runaway niggers—up Nawth . . . the reb—*no!*—the *Confed-'ate* ahmy . . . ol' river that couldn't flow in but one direction (but he wasn't a river!) . . . wild geese, flyin' home . . .

The committee shuffling back into the lodge-room broke the train of Jasper Benbrook's musing. The chairman, by way of preamble, reminded those present that it had remained for one who had come among them only recently to inaugurate the movement for an ex-slaves' association. This one had gone about the State at his own expense arousing their interest, seeking no honors for himself.

"An' now, breth'en"—the ancient chairman came to the meat of his report—"yo' committee segests dat we be called de Mis'sippi 'Sociation o' Formuh Slaves——"

Former slaves? Former . . . ? Jasper heard the chairman's voice again:

". . . an' dat we 'lects as our fu'st president . . . Brothuh . . . Jaspuh Benbrook."

Somehow Jasper came erect. Something seemed to have straightened the kinks in his back, for he faced them almost upright.

"My frien's," he began, "feelin' my unwo'thiness—" He stopped for the simple reason that he could not go on. Yet there were things—a thousand things!—that he must say. He must loose that flood of emotion within him. He opened his mouth again—and his tongue failed him. Still again—but he was wordless.

What could he do? What should one do when he must express himself, yet finds that he is speechless? Should he sing? Why not?

At any rate, old Jasper Benbrook felt like singing—and he did sing, thrusting his shoulders back, his head up, as a freedman should do when standing in the presence of those whose equal he is:

"We're go-o-o-in' home, no mo-o-o-re to roam,
No more to sin an' sorruh . . ."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mad Anthony Wayne

YORKTOWN

BY THOMAS BOYD

During the three years between that hot, exhausting Sunday of 1778 on the plains of Monmouth and the summer of 1781 there were two peaks in Anthony Wayne's career. One was his successful midnight assault up the side of Stony Point, the other the mutiny of the Pennsylvania Line when its regiments rushed out on the grand parade and, with a sergeant-major at the head, began a march on Congress at Philadelphia to demand their back pay, blankets, and discharges for those whose enlistment period had expired. Wayne overtook them, becoming a popular prisoner until their grievances were acknowledged and they were promised redress by the Philadelphia politicians. Both the soldiers and the civilians were sickened of so long a war; there had been no battles in the north and the French Alliance had worked no miracles.

IV

After the mutiny of the Pennsylvania Line the armies of General Washington and Sir Henry Clinton lay supine as before. But in the south was action. Already two American divisions had been destroyed below the Potomac, one under Major-General Benjamin Lincoln, who had surrendered at Charleston in the spring of the year before, the other under Major-General Horatio Gates, who had lost to Lord Cornwallis at the battle of Camden. Later Nathanael Greene had been ordered sent down; though enemy defeats had followed at Cowpens and Kings Mountain, the British still controlled the Southern States. Now in June of 1781 Cornwallis was leading five thousand troops through Virginia; Lafayette, whom Washington had sent down to engage him, was anxiously watching him, while Anthony Wayne, with supplies and wagons long delayed by the commissary, was on his way to join the youthful marquis.

Skirting down along the Blue Ridge Mountains, Wayne found Lafayette at Fredericksburg, Va. While the men rested, the two chief officers talked. It was a relief to know that General Wayne had come. He was greatly needed. For Lord Cornwallis, a dangerous man, lay directly south, his army encamped at Richmond. That stocky little Banastre Tarleton and his flashy cavalry were also there, beating up the banks of the James for forage. Why Cornwallis hadn't attacked before Wayne arrived Lafayette didn't know, but the mystery was a lucky one. Lafayette felt safer now; his force increased, and Wayne at hand, his lordship might gain a victory but would have to pay for it.

But Lord Cornwallis had gone as far west and north as he meant to go. His

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

supply base was at Williamsburg, toward the sea. Leaving Richmond two days after Wayne joined Lafayette, he marched along the north bank of the James, which flowed southeast to Norfolk and Portsmouth.

When Lafayette and Wayne heard Cornwallis had withdrawn, both men were impelled to follow after him. That they would be trailing him to the siege of Yorktown neither was aware. It was their object merely to keep close contact, and if an opening for attack appeared it would not be obscured from their eager eyes. Rousing the Pennsylvanians from sunny Fredericksburg, they began to march south toward Richmond and along the James.

Several days later as the troops plodded over a dusty road where the tracks of Cornwallis still remained, word was brought to Wayne and Lafayette that the British would cross the river at Greenspring and go on to Portsmouth. Wayne gathered his eight hundred Pennsylvanians and, leaving the main body which marched under Lafayette, hastened along the James toward Greenspring, where he hoped he might at least cut off the British baggage-train or fall successfully upon the rear-guard as they made the crossing. Lieutenant-Colonel Mercer rode ahead with a scouting-party.

Early in the morning of July 6 Mercer and a few scouts rode up to Greenspring mansion, a great brick house where Sir William Berkeley had lived. Going up toward the outbuildings he saw a negro servant who was carrying a soldier's knapsack. Mercer stopped him with a question: Who was in the big house, some officers?

Kunnel Tarleton, the calv'ry man, was inside, said the servant.

And where was Lord Cornwallis?

Lord Cornwallis? He was down by the Greenspring church.

And the soldiers?

The soldiers were down by the riverbank, waiting to go across.

Mercer wheeled his horse and rode back toward Wayne, whom he met advancing late that morning. Lafayette was coming on behind.

Whether the British between Greenspring and the James was merely a covering-party or nearly all of the five thousand under Cornwallis was not known. Before Mercer's return it had been believed that the bulk of the British had crossed over and were waiting to form and march on to Portsmouth. Now that assumption was persisted in. The reason for that, Light Horse Harry Lee was later to suggest, was that Wayne was always disquieted by the chance of losing a battle and preferred to accept what he wished to be true. Whatever the cause of his going forward Wayne must have felt that to meet the enemy in a skirmish so soon after coming into Virginia and after so many inactive months in the north would be agreeable. He went forward with his eight hundred Pennsylvanians.

The white columns of Greenspring mansion fronted a long marsh that was nearly a quarter of a mile wide. On the other side of the marsh ran the road to Williamsburg on which Cornwallis marched. To reach the road, which it was necessary for Wayne to do, was possible only by crossing a corduroy stretch that Sir William Berkeley had built some time before. That causeway, a ridge of dirt and crosswise logs, made a narrow path on which there could be little turning. Beyond, the James River flowed, hidden by clumps of trees.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when Wayne arrived in front of Green-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spring. With a patrol of dragoons under Mercer in front of him and also a small rifle-corps, he began to make the crossing. Lafayette remained in rear with the main body.

Reaching the end of the corduroy road, Wayne turned left in the direction of Williamsburg. His men, in their sweaty linen overalls and light coats, had marched about a mile and a half, and the rifle-corps had drawn back to his flanks when the dragoons riding ahead discovered the British. They drew a scattered fire and retreated. Then the rifle-corps joined on the road and trailed forward through the dust. They came within sight of the British camp and swiftly attacked the pickets, who turned and ran back upon their own cavalry, which stood in an open field about three hundred yards in rear.

At the firing Wayne had marched the advance into a wood close by and to the left. He stood motionless. Watching keenly, he saw the rifle-corps gain lodgment in a ditch behind a rail fence which would protect them from Tarleton's cavalry. Their muskets were clattering spiritedly. Wayne sent two battalions of infantry forward to help maintain the rifle-corps' position. Now the British foot-troops were seen on the flank of Tarleton's cavalry. Wayne had a couple of fieldpieces rolled up to the ditch to cut swaths in the enemy ranks. Smoke from American gun-barrels rose in languid wisps over the clearing beyond the rail fence and merged with the gray of twilight.

Then the harassed British turned. Under Lieutenant-Colonel Yorke a line of them came forward with three cannon dragging in their rear. And the American skirmishers behind the rail fence dropped back, losing a number of men from the first fusillade. Colonel Mercer, extricating himself from the saddle of the horse which had just been killed under him, mounted another and led his troops back toward where Wayne waited at the edge of the wood.

Meanwhile Lord Cornwallis had been waiting for some such position of the American troops. The impetuous character of Wayne was a byword and to be taken advantage of if possible. The eagerness of Lafayette for distinguished victory was likewise known. And anticipating an attack, Lord Cornwallis, instead of crossing the James that morning, had held his troops encamped on the north bank, compact and ready to charge as soon as his rear-guard drew the skirmishers into his main body. For they could not retreat except over the narrow causeway through the marsh. That time now had come. In two heavy columns, Yorke leading the right and Colonel Dundas the left, Cornwallis began his quick advance. Himself in front and the marsh in rear, it was almost time to start counting rebel prisoners.

During the earlier skirmishing Lafayette had ridden across the causeway with a few troops, had stopped and had gone alone down to the river on his right, where from a point of land that extended out from shore he could see British boats lying in the James and British troops massed in an open field. Obviously Lord Cornwallis was there in strength and waiting for Lafayette and Wayne to attack. Sending word to the brigadier, Lafayette warned him to fall back.

The messenger broke through the wood and came up to Wayne. So Lord Cornwallis had turned around full strength! That was regrettable. Wayne would have to retreat. But he would do it in his own fashion. And in the meantime, though Dundas sidled in from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the right and Yorke from the left, there was no reason to be alarmed. He glanced up and down the line that stood at the fringe of the wood, then ordered them out into the open ground. There they were to stand, with silent muskets, he told them, until the British were close as seventy paces. Wheeling his horse, he drew up at front and centre of his men and sat watching the enemy come on.

The enemy came on, manœuvred to a halt, and raised their muskets, which clattered furiously. The plume which made a crest for the general's infantry cap fell aside and tumbled slowly to the ground. Young Ensign Denny, who had joined the corps that year, looked from the front rank where he stood, his eyes moving toward the general's face. Wayne, regarding first the plume and then the enemy, seemed amused.

Then Pennsylvania musketry blazed into the gray evening. "Forward . . . charge . . . bayonets!" The eight hundred men of the Pennsylvania Line jerked up their pieces and began to jog over the ground toward the British.

Lord Cornwallis was surprised. He could not tell what was happening, but it seemed likely that Lafayette's entire detachment was close at hand. In that case Dundas and Yorke should not be so widely separated. Cornwallis drew back both his wings to mould them into a formation better fitted to withstand a force of more equal size.

That manœuvre gave Wayne the time he needed. Though his right and left were almost wholly enveloped, he began to step back in good order, going for half a mile to the second line which had waited in the rear. The June shadows were merging into darkness as the Americans marched in column across the treacherous causeway while the puzzled Cornwallis still paused, his purposeful and crushing blow now hanging over thin air.

Pitching camp six miles in rear of Greenspring, the Marquis Lafayette was as pleased that night as if he had won a famous victory. Wayne's use of his eight hundred Pennsylvanians when they were nearly surrounded, when a safe retreat seemed impossible, had amazed and delighted him. Here was a man who, being able neither to hold his ground nor fall back, had saved himself by driving into the enemy with his bayonets! General Washington would have to be told about that; and Nathanael Greene, who commanded the Southern Department. Himself and Brigadier-General Wayne, the young marquis thought, would now keep the offensive against Earl Cornwallis and harry him every step of the way to Portsmouth.

The British crossed over the James and Wayne followed after them. But from the beginning there was no opportunity of further skirmishing. Wayne's wagon-train was a heavy one, but even though he had stripped his men to knapsack and cartridge-box, he would have been unable to meet the enemy, for there was always Banastre Tarleton with his mounted infantry in front of Wayne. With men on foot against men on horseback Wayne could not have overtaken the rear-guard unless, as Light Horse Harry Lee later remarked: "Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton had improvidently thrown himself in his lap."

Wayne rode on down the river after Lord Cornwallis. Passing great, silent houses set back among the trees, burned corn-fields and straggling furrows where rich crops of tobacco had recently grown, he went on through the hot July days toward Portsmouth. A letter

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came from Nathanael Greene. The marquis, Greene informed him, gave General Wayne great glory for his late conduct; "but," Nathanael warned him, "be a little careful and tread softly; for depend upon it you have a modern Hannibal to deal with in the person of Lord Cornwallis." Greene, he knew, wanted him down in South Carolina and tried to entice him with: "O that I had had you with me a few days ago, your glory and the public good might have been greatly advanced." Earlier, he had been supposed to go, but General Washington had shunted him off into Virginia to act with Lafayette. But it would have been good to join Nathanael Greene. Some weeks before, when Cornwallis was farther south, one of Lee's pets had brought him a note from Greene, who said he hoped they soon would meet, and in meeting take opportunity to give the "noble Earl a southern breakfast." But Cornwallis was in Virginia now and Wayne was on his heels. And while Lafayette's name was not to be spoken with that of Nathanael Greene, he was likable enough for a boy-general who owed his rank to the French Alliance, his worship of Washington, and his engaging manners.

Cornwallis, moving to the sea, selected York and Gloucester for his army and began at once to fortify those posts. Wayne on one side, Lafayette on the other, marched slowly toward him. When Cornwallis stopped, his followers stopped, for there was no chance to strike him, particularly after he had concentrated his army about the York River bluffs and was using Tarleton's swift cavalry to control the ground before him. The hot August days passed by and there was nothing, it seemed, for Wayne and Lafayette to do.

For Lord Cornwallis failed to attack. And, while he waited, Wayne thought facetiously that the reason his lordship remained inactive at York was because he was awaiting the arrival of John Murray, alias Earl Dunmore, who, Wayne satirically suggested to William Irvine, "had been ordered out by Lord G. Germaine to restore peace and order in the *subjugated* colony of *Virginia,* of which State he is their titulary governor."

But then one day toward the latter part of the month an express came to Lafayette's headquarters with a message from General Washington. The Count de Grasse, wrote his Excellency, was bringing his whole fleet, the troops of the Marquis Saint-Simon, siege-guns, fieldpieces and mortars—all toward the Chesapeake capes. Washington was to bring his own army south. General Heath was to stand before New York, where Sir Henry Clinton still sat idly. And while Clinton waited, unsuspecting Cornwallis was to be attacked by land and sea, besieged until he was compelled to surrender. Meanwhile it was the business of Lafayette and Wayne to hold the British at York and Gloucester, fighting them back if they attempted moving toward the south.

Lafayette sent word to Wayne, who had his quarters in the Byrd mansion on the James. It was a matter of deepest secrecy and great importance, the marquis said; and would General Wayne please come to him so that they could settle their plan of operations and name the place where they should form a junction with their respective troops? The express was waiting to guide him over the ten miles to Lafayette's camp.

Wayne made ready to go. Shaved and powdered, doubtless wearing his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cocked hat and dress sword, he went down through the hall of the great brick mansion, bowed his good night to Mrs. Byrd, and joined two officers and a servant who were waiting with his horse near the door. So at last, he would have been thinking, more than two years after Stony Point, another campaign was offered: two years of level dulness in the north peaked by a foray fit for ridicule, two mutinies and Arnold's treason. And Wayne, now with his troops posted at Westover, where he was to attempt to stop Cornwallis if he endeavored to move southward, again was happy. For there was, he thought, the greatest certainty of shortly obliging Lord Cornwallis and all his army to surrender as prisoners of war.

It was about eight o'clock on the evening of September 2 when Wayne set out from Westover and nearly two hours later when the horses of his small party carried him in to the neighborhood of Lafayette's encampment. Out of the darkness came a picket's challenge. The voice sounded scared and quavering.

Wayne answered with the countersign and prepared to ride on. Lafayette would be sitting in his billet by candlelight and a servant would be standing ready to open a bottle for the visiting general. A pleasant, engrossing evening was at hand.

But the frightened sentry had Lord Cornwallis, Tarleton, and British raiders in his mind. They made a panic of his feelings, which had not been calmed by Wayne's reply to his challenge. Lifting his musket in the night, he pointed the muzzle in the direction which the voice had come. He fired.

Wayne saw a streak of red and felt his left leg burning dully. A pain sped like an electric shock from his thigh to his foot. He gritted his teeth and swayed a little in the saddle. Meanwhile the whole advance-guard was in a hubbub and he had to shout and plead to save himself from being riddled. Finally he got into Lafayette's quarters, doubtless swearing no end, for to be shot by one's own sentry made a caitiff wound which, with momentous days ahead, was hard to bear.

Earlier in the day he had pointed out Burwell's Ferry as the landing-place for three thousand French troops. It was his last military act for ten days. Meanwhile he lay in bed, perplexed at the intense pain in his left foot. The ball had entered his thigh, grazing the bone and lodging back of it, his surgeon told him. Yet the agony was concentrated in his foot. Damn! Damn! Damn! General Washington would soon be landing at Williamsburg with his two thousand men and the harbor below York and Gloucester would be jammed with French war-ships. Interim he was sprawled out on a bed. It was infuriating; and ordering pen and paper he burst out to Dick Peters:

"Your damned commissary of military plays false. He had put too little powder in the musket cartridges. . . . If the damned cartridge had a sufficiency of powder the ball would have gone quite through in place of lodging."

He would also have to write to Polly so that she would know how it had happened and that it wasn't dangerous. Rumor travelled so and grew so monstrous. That night at Paoli she had thought he was killed. He would have to tell her that he was nearly recovered —and the news of his glorious certainty that Cornwallis would soon have to surrender, that the French were the finest body of troops he had ever seen, and that harmony and friendship pervaded

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the officers of both countries. That ought to make her somewhat cheerful.

He would also have to get up. No man could stay in bed with Williamsburg crowded with troops and so many war-ships in the harbor back of Cornwallis. And twelve days after his wound, apparently with the slug of lead still inside him, he limped out of his room into a carriage and rode to attend the supper of the commander-in-chief. Guns had boomed out a salute all day, and now at night he and Dicky Butler sat at table with General Washington, the Count de Grasse, Rochambeau, Lafayette, who had the ague and ate very little, Major-General Benjamin Lincoln, and a host of other Allied officers. And afterward Dicky Butler spoke of what an elegant entertainment it had been, his Irish face beaming because all the "great personages and officers supped together in the utmost harmony and happiness."

The plans for the siege were continued. Even before Washington arrived the French ships under the Count de Grasse had forced Admiral Graves to leave the neighborhood of Yorktown and had been joined by the squadron of De Barras and the convoy which it guarded. Now the French fleet blocked the sea, and on the ground about Williamsburg the Allied troops and guns were being massed. Meanwhile Lord Cornwallis drew his army close and worked night and day fortifying Yorktown to withstand the siege. From New York Sir Henry Clinton had promised him that by October 5 "above five thousand men, rank and file, shall be embarked on board the king's ships, and the joint exertions of the navy and army made in a few days to relieve you, and afterward co-operate with you," and that the fleet would consist of "twenty-three sail of the line, three of which are three-deckers."

That letter was received by Lord Cornwallis on the evening of September 28. At dawn of the same day the Americans and French, under the supervision of General Washington, were formed in long columns at Williamsburg and marched within two miles of Yorktown, where they encamped at four o'clock in the afternoon. Thus with the Allies moving nearer and with Sir Henry's assurance that he soon would start, Cornwallis withdrew from his outer fortifications and prepared to hold his last position with little loss of men until help arrived. Then, he believed, there would be a general engagement, but not until then.

Cornwallis gave up his outer fortifications in the night; the next day detachments of Allied light infantry moved into them, using the abandoned positions to protect the pioneers who were making a breastwork in a half-circle that completely covered Yorktown by land from the west. With more than twelve thousand Allied troops in front of him and the hostilely guarded sea at his back, Cornwallis now had less than two miles of ground from which to draw his supplies and forage. More than ever he could assure Sir Henry, as he had written him on receiving his promise of aid, "that there is but one wish throughout the army, which is that the enemy would advance."

The enemy would advance, but not quickly enough to please Cornwallis. Until October 6 there were only the lightest encounters between the two forces. Limping about in the front line's right, which was held by the Americans, Wayne had observed that only two men had been killed on October 2, four from a drop-shot on the 3d, none on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the 4th, two from ricochet bullets on the 5th. But on the next day six regiments, one drawn from the right of each brigade, were marched forward under the command of Benjamin Lincoln, George Clinton, and Wayne. It was they, with the French moving up on the left, that opened the first parallel, a trench with earthworks five hundred and fifty yards from the enemy lines. Moving forward a little before sundown, their muskets slung and picks and shovels in their hands, the men worked quietly throughout the night. When dawn came, a ridge of fresh dirt curved within a quarter of a mile of the British works.

The British saw the new and menacing position, but, though it was as yet unfinished, they made little effort to dislodge the Americans or French. A scattered fire from their muskets wounded a few of Rochambeau's soldiers, and one officer lost his leg. Their artillery, Wayne thought, was feeble.

On the next day it was the same—the parallel was completed with only two men killed: they were of Wayne's Pennsylvanians and died from ricochet shots. Meanwhile the Allies had hauled their heavy cannon from Williamsburg and were placing it close to the front line. And before dawn of October 9 there were twenty-two guns behind the French and three batteries with about nineteen guns behind the Americans. Cornwallis, about to be bombarded, looked anxiously to the sea for the promised sight of Sir Henry Clinton's warships and transports. Excepting on his own few boats, including the *Caron,* only French flags were to be seen drooping from the rigging of the ships that hemmed the harbor.

The morning and early afternoon of October 9 passed quietly, but at three o'clock the French opened a twelve-gun battery, and two hours later ten American guns smashed into Yorktown. The enemy guns answered, and during the daylight the men in the town and those before it could see black balls crisscrossing through the air, by night, fiery meteors with blazing tails, rising majestically, then falling with a whirling movement and bursting with terrific sound.

At daybreak of October 10 the French and Americans began to bombard the middle of Yorktown with twenty-seven guns, and at five o'clock that afternoon two ten-inch American howitzers were added. Wayne, near the front line, found the noise of the Allied batteries so great that the answering fire from the enemy could scarcely be heard. And as the sun went down behind the American lines he could see one of the British ships in Yorktown harbor—the *Caron* of forty-four guns—grow bright with flames running over her sails and masts and sides. The blaze had come from red-hot cannonballs, and as darkness gathered, the sky became a blinding red above the water. After a while the great flame died away and all was black again.

It was time to open the second parallel, two hundred yards nearer Yorktown. During the night of the 11th while the Pennsylvanians and Marylanders gathered their picks and shovels, Wayne led two battalions forward as a covering-party and lay quietly down on the shell-torn land. His men, crouching with loaded muskets, could hear the Pennsylvanians and Marylanders digging in behind them. Before dawn they crept back again, not to return until the next night.

Still waiting for Sir Henry Clinton,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cornwallis saw on the morning of October 12 the new front line before him. It was within musket-shot, no more than three hundred yards distant. But he was undismayed by that. Even when two of his redoubts, by which his communication with Gloucester was kept open, were attacked in the dark of the 14th, he continued his policy of saving unnecessary casualties to his troops while waiting for Sir Henry Clinton. Both redoubts fell, one to Frenchmen led by Baron de Viomenil, the other to Lafayette and a detachment of Americans supported by two Pennsylvania battalions led by Wayne. Meanwhile Walter Stewart completed the work of digging the second parallel. The bombardment continued, heavier from the trenches and more hopeless from Yorktown. Sir Henry Clinton might come, but he would come too late.

Cornwallis determined to make a final and violent effort. It was no use waiting longer for Sir Henry. As for attempting to hold out against the Allies, that was impossible. Leaving every man except his ablest, and those in light marching order so that they might move swiftly, Cornwallis determined to escape to Gloucester. He had made his last effort at Yorktown: Before daybreak of October 16 he had sent Lieutenant-Colonel Abercrombie with three hundred and fifty guardsmen to capture two of the closest Allied redoubts. Abercrombie had stormed and taken them after bitter fighting in which he lost a third of his force. But they had barely spiked the cannon when the Allied support drove them out again, withdrew the spikes, and opened the batteries. Now, in desperation, Cornwallis determined to free himself by the only feasible way that remained. Leaving his sick and wounded under Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, he would cross the river the next night, attack whatever stood in his way, capture every horse he could get hold of, and hurry northward from this fatal trap to meet Sir Henry Clinton.

But expedient and bold and possibly successful as was his plan, it was destroyed by a piece of irony from the skies. Early in the night Cornwallis marched the first division of his army to the wharf and embarked them for Gloucester. Overhead in the blackness was a feeling of restless movement and gathering storm. Under the unseen clouds the British general waited for the ship to pass over and return for the rest of the troops. Beside him his men were nervous and eager. The urge to fight was never stronger in them, for they felt that victory was their right and the incessant cannonading of the last week had been more infuriating than disspiriting. Tarleton, Simcoe, Dundas, Abercrombie, and the rest, how they would charge when their backs were no longer to the wall!

But as Cornwallis waited, the sea began to grow rough. Waves lashed up out of the dark and sent fine salt spray on scarlet tunics. Overhead the skies seemed to crack, resounding louder than the most heartily exploding guns. There were fiercely singing winds that swirled the water triumphantly. And the transports, shaken out of human control, went careening through the darkness down past the Gloucester landing and were still away from shore when the sun rose up from the east next morning.

Cornwallis, doomed, turned once again to his dismantled position, piling up his remaining shells to fling them at the slowly approaching Allied army. The town was no longer his. At ten

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

o'clock that morning of October 17, Wayne, in the second parallel before Yorktown, distinctly heard the British drums begin to beat the chamade. And at the expectant sound the thoughts of the wounded brigadier turned back toward Waynesborough, where, with Polly and the children about him, he hoped to rest his unhealed leg for a little while at least.

["The Fight for the Northwest," a spirited account of Wayne's Indian fighting, revealing more of the impetuous general's character, his triumphal return to Philadelphia, and his death in the wilderness, is in the July SCRIBNER'S.]

Selina and the Church

BY BEATRICE BARRY

A YELLOW envelope lay on the table as I entered. I shivered as I tore it open:

WANT TO SEE YOU AS SOON AS POSSIBLE SOMETHING INTERESTING DONT KNOW WHAT TO DO SELINA

"Selina!" I breathed a sigh of mingled relief and exasperation. "But why does she telegraph? Has she left town?" I knew she had not, for I had seen her earlier that afternoon in a print-shop on Madison Avenue as I passed. Impatiently I picked up the telephone. When I heard Margaret's voice I said: "Miss Martin, Margaret. Is Miss Sarsfield in?" I learned that she was out but expected at any minute. Having also learned that no one else was expected, though Heaven knows it's the unexpected that come to Selina's, I said I'd be over right away.

And I went over, and there was Selina, just come in, looking as usual provokingly like a stained-glass angel, with her lovely, pointed, delicate face and merrywinkle blue eyes—you don't see the "winkle" part until you know her very well—and a halo of golden-gleaming hair, and perhaps she didn't have on a purple, stained-glass, velvet robe with a golden girdle, but she looked as if she had.

"Well, Selina," said I shortly, "what is it *now,* and, since you appear to be in your usual good health, and the house is not afire, and apparently there has been no accident, *why* did you telegraph?" Selina knows how I feel about telegrams.

"Oh, Martinet, darling, I'm *sorry*"—and her eyes grew bluer than ever—"I didn't *think;* that is, I thought I'd love to see you, and I was standing by the window and I just saw a messenger boy pass and I said to myself, 'The very thing!' and I called up the Western Union right away and phoned them the tele-e——"

She had the grace to falter.

"Selina," said I, "why did you not telephone *me?"*

That just shows you how Selina's mind works! Charles says it doesn't work—it strikes—and he thinks he's said something funny; but I never did

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

think much of Charles's jokes — and Charles knows how I feel.

Margaret came in just then, so Selina escaped answering my question by ordering tea.

When we were again alone I began: "Now, what *is* it, Selina? Don't keep me in suspense." For with any other woman "something interesting" would mean only a man, but Selina isn't a bit that kind.

"Well, Martin, dearest, you know—it's—well—it's——"

"Selina," said I, "it's the house!"

I thought she looked relieved.

"Oh, no! it's not that, the house is still there——"

"It would be," said I. "I can't imagine any one taking it."

"Don't be unkind, Martin," she pleaded, "but I'll tell you when—when Margaret has gone." And then I knew it was something pretty bad, for Selina is mortally afraid of Margaret. But while Margaret is arranging the tea-table perhaps I'd better tell you about the house.

Now, I've known and loved Selina since she was a very young girl, and I'm fonder of her than of almost any one else on earth, but she is lacking in judgment. That her scrapes usually have a happy ending is simply her good luck, and I warn her that a day will come! Selina, though she hasn't, as they say, a penny in the world, has a few thousand a year of her own, enough to keep her from starvation but not enough for extravagances. Last year we planned a trip to Europe, and Selina, in order to economize the better, went up to Smallfields to stay with Praise-Be, where, as I thought, there wasn't a chance of her getting into mischief. When she returned and came to see me I knew at once that I had been too optimistic. But I asked no questions and began to talk of our European trip. Selina, generally so enthusiastic, was now lukewarm. She had to confess. She had bought a house.

"A house, Selina! What do you want a house for?"

"Oh, but it's such a little one, Martin"—as if that were an excuse!

"I suppose you have to pay for it just the same."

"Well, yes," she admitted reluctantly, "and Martin, darling, I'm awfully sorry, but I'm afraid I can't go to Europe with you, after all. You see, the house cost just about what I'd planned to spend—and I've paid for it already."

"Selina Sarsfield!" I hissed. I couldn't help it. "This is the last straw. I'll go to Europe alone—and I wash my hands of you forever." But of course my curiosity was aroused, so, after Selina had made abject apologies, I said in as businesslike a manner as I could: "Let's hear about your house. Where is it? You mean to live in it, I suppose—though what Margaret will say——"

"Oh, no, Martin," she interrupted eagerly, "I don't, really; besides, it's hardly fit to live in."

"Then why did you buy it?" I asked, with my usual common sense.

"Oh," she began to enthuse, "it looked so enchanting, nestling down under the side of the hill, all covered with creepers and the prettiest red chimneys—" She stopped—I suppose my silence was impressive—then went on, but rather dashed: "And it has *such* possibilities, and it was so much the best of all the abandoned houses——"

"Say no more, Selina," I interrupted; "I can't imagine a better reason for buying a house than because it has been abandoned and isn't fit to live in, and the only possibility that interests me is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the possibility of your being able to get rid of it."

"But, Martin, I don't want to get rid of it! I'm not going to get rid of it. I'm going to put it in repair—when I get some money—and then—later on (she was beautifully vague)—when I get some more money I'm going to furnish it most originally, and everybody will want to live in it, and I'll get lots of rent for it, and *then* we'll go to Europe. But, of course, you will go this year anyway, as we planned."

Now, I would not think of going to Europe without Selina, for she does make life interesting, and I never enjoy anything as well without her, but it really suited me better to postpone the trip. For one thing, Charles was looking awfully tired and forlorn—he has never been the same since his sister died away off in China last year—and of course Charles is perfectly well able to look after himself, and I certainly am not the woman to concern myself about *any* man—still, as I say, I was just as well pleased not to go to Europe this year—but I wasn't going to let Selina off so easily.

"We won't talk about Europe just now, Selina." I spoke with dignity. "I suppose I am permitted to ask how much it will cost to repair your abandoned house and *where* you are going to get the money for that?"

Selina replied that she would very soon receive her Cousin Kate's legacy, and the abandoned house could, it appeared, be reclaimed for about the very sum that Cousin Kate had obligingly left her. She therefore planned to spend the summer in Smallfields supervising the work and living "with the greatest economy"—an unlikely companion for Selina!—and as for the furnishing, "Well, we'll see," she said hopefully. "Something is sure to turn up. And when you return from Europe, Martin, the house will be all repaired, and I can begin to look about for nice old bits of furniture, and you'll help me, won't you, Martin?"

Selina knows my taste for these things and took advantage of it. So, of course, I forgave her—as I always do.

Then my sister Caroline decided to spend a few months in the East, and, as I undertook to chaperon her two girls while she went visiting old school friends, I saw very little of Selina for a while, and the abandoned house was consigned to my mental attic until this telegram arrived.

Margaret came in with tea, and I noticed that Selina tried on any pretext to detain her, but we were soon alone again.

Then I said pleasantly, if with a spice of malice: "I saw you in Haliburton's this afternoon, Selina; were you 'looking' or 'buying'? I hope some one has left you another fortune if you are going to set up as a patron of the arts?"

"I was really only looking, though at last the lawyers have paid over Great-uncle Harold's bequest, but of course ——"

"Selina," I interrupted ruthlessly, "now you can really begin to furnish that abandoned house of yours. And by the way"—and now I *was* excited—"Garret Burton's old house at Mascott is going on the market, with all the furnishings, and there I'm sure we'd find treasures, especially if we look at once, for it's not generally known yet, but Carol had it from the Burtons themselves when she was visiting Mascott this summer, and I know they would let you have first choice."

Selina was strangely irresponsive. "Ye-es, Martin, dear, I know what de-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

licious things there are, and I'm sure we would—but you see—the fact is—well, I've already bought the furniture."

"Bought the furniture for the abandoned house!" I cried incredulously. "Why, when did you buy it? You *might* have asked me, Selina."

"I *am* asking you, Martin; that's just what I wanted to see you about, but I'm afraid you won't like it—because——"

"But you didn't furnish the house at one blow, Selina? Surely you didn't go out and buy things by the dozen?"

She looked almost serious. "But that's just what I have done; and I want you to come with me to Smallfields over the week-end, Marty, for they've just written me that they have to deliver the things next Saturday, and I must be there to receive them."

"*Who* have written you?"

"The church people, of course."

"What church people? Selina!" I cried joyously, "you don't mean to say that you've been able to get the Gladwyn-Church things? Oh, but of course you couldn't; why, they're worth a fortune!"

Selina always looks like a saint, but now she looked like a martyred one. She went to her desk, took from it a paper clipping, and handed it to me with a "do-your-worst" air.

I looked.

I read:

FOR SALE

THE FURNITURE OF A CHURCH

SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY FOR SMALL MISSION OR PRIVATE CHAPEL

1 Marble Altar
2 Communion Services (one plated)
12 Oaken Pews, handsomely upholstered
Organ with 12 Stops (*Birch & Maple*, Boston)
Marble Altar-rails, with Brass Gates
Hymnals, Hassocks, Brass Sconces, etc.

I reread. I sent a questioning glance at Selina. She was still serious.

"We were speaking of an *abandoned house*, Selina," said I with quiet emphasis; "what has that to do with a sale of church furniture?"

Selina answered never a word.

Then my mind leaped to the preposterous solution.

"Selina, you *haven't!* Selina, my dear child, you didn't! I conjure you to tell me! It isn't possible! No, even you wouldn't— Selina, *answer me!* Have you bought this church furniture for the abandoned house? Is *this* what you meant by 'the church people'?"

Selina nodded. "I have," she said.

Hours seemed to pass before either of us spoke. We simply sat and gazed and gazed as if we had never seen each other before—and perhaps we hadn't—as we must have looked then.

"Selina," said I at last, and I spoke not unkindly but with unmistakable firmness, "there is just *one* article of church furniture for which I can imagine your having the slightest use—as it happens I do not see it mentioned here (I allowed my eyes to rest for a moment on the advertisement I held) —and that is—*a collection-basket.*"

Then Selina broke down; she buried her face in her hands, her slender frame shook, and my heart smote me, for never have I seen Selina weep. And I didn't then.

"Oh, Mars, Mars," she gasped, "it's too funny, but there wasn't a single collection-basket in the place, though I never thought of it before. You see," and she began to get hysterical again, "it's a private chapel and there were never any collection. Oh, Marty dear, forgive me, but it *is* funny, and I was just beginning to feel the wee-est bit

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

miserable about it, but you've made me quite happy again!"

I rose and arranged my hat. "Since you seem to have taken leave of your senses, Selina," I said coldly, "I will take my leave of you. I shall send Margaret to you—you are unstrung," and I had my finger on the button when the door opened and Margaret announced:

"Mr. Cathcart, miss—and ma'am."

Never was I so glad to see Charles as at that moment. Selina sprang up, flung her arms around my neck, said, "Don't be cross, old dear," and released me to give a hand to Charles.

Charles Cathcart greeted us both suitably, and if he noticed anything tense in the atmosphere, he was not the man to betray it.

"Saint Selina," said he then, "what's new in your celestial sphere?"

"The new is, Charles, that Martin has been plunging most uncelestial spears into me, and had cast me off forever when you arrived. *You* tell him, Mars; I haven't the courage."

Charles looked at me inquiringly.

"Selina has just purchased a set of church pews, a marble altar and altar-rails, two oaken altar-chairs, a chime of bells, a quantity of hassocks, and five dozen hymnals—*to furnish her abandoned house.*" I made the statement, I flatter myself, dispassionately.

Charles's eyebrows went up ever so slightly. "There wasn't a curate thrown in, I suppose, Sally?" he asked gravely, but his eyes were twinkling; he never will be serious with Selina.

"This is not, Charles, a matter for jest," I said reprovingly. "Do you realize that the girl has purchased this preposterous furniture for her abandoned house?" (We had never called it anything else.)

"It seems to me, Miss Martin, a most estimable and logical purchase. What better way to reclaim an abandoned house than to bring the church to it—since it, I assume, cannot be brought to the church?"

He looked at me sedately, but as Selina turned to get the advertisement he said quietly: "This *is* rather a facer, but as our young friend seems a trifle disturbed let's hold our horses."

Then spoke Selina. "Listen to *me,* Charles. That isn't true at all, and it's too bad of Martin to exaggerate! There isn't any chime of bells, and I haven't bought the organ or the altar. As a matter of fact, the man said they were 'bespoke,' " said Selina honestly, "but of course I couldn't afford them in any case. I just got the twelve pews—and they're so lovely, a glorious rich color, and the cushions are the most wonderful deep blue—one *should* have stained glass, of course, to get the best effect—and the people didn't want to sell them to me a bit—said they were not suitable for an individual—but that only made me the more determined, and of course the hassocks and the curate I can send to—now, you see, Charles, how exasperating you are!—I mean the cassocks and the hurate, *no!* I mean—well, you *know* what I mean—and the marble rail I can put—somewhere or other, marble is always good—and the brass gates I thought would be lovely at the top of the stairs, just outside the nursery door, so the children won't tumble down——"

"Stop, Selina!" I commanded. "You *have* no children—at least you never had before. Have you no *decency?*"

Charles shouted. Selina had another fit of hysterics—it's nothing else.

"I shall lose my reason, Selina," I said when I could make myself heard, "if you talk like this. It is unbecoming

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—it is scandalous—it is licentious!" Of course that wasn't what I meant, but I was distracted by her frivolity and it was hopeless trying to explain to that howling mob.

When their laughter had subsided Selina began again.

"Not *my* children, Mars. The people-who-live-in-the-house's children."

But I was nearly losing my patience with Selina.

Charles saw how I felt; he became grave at once—there's really a good deal to be said for Charles—and turned to Selina.

"You know, my dear, I believe you *have* been a little imprudent and reckless this time. Mind, I'm sure you had a perfectly good reason for buying the things; and probably I would have sanctioned your purchase had I been present (you must tell us some time what made you do it, Sally, for I'm sure it would be worth hearing); but, if you have bought and paid for these furnishings, had you not better decide what to do with them?"

"That's just what I asked Martin to come over for," said Selina, "but she's awfully cross with me now and I don't know what to do."

Charles has a certain knack of organization, and it was thanks to him that we ever arrived at a definite arrangement. Selina and I were to go to Smallfields on Friday evening and stay with Praise-Be; Charles would motor over early on Saturday and drive us to the abandoned house (which neither he nor I had yet seen) and be on hand to help Selina receive "the pews and psalters," as he said. He wisely suggested that, as we didn't know when the furniture would arrive and we might have to wait a long time, Praise-Be put us up a luncheon. So it was settled.

Praise-Be (her name was Bertha Praise but Charles reversed it, and she became too devoted to him—as people often do, I admit—not to agree willingly) was delighted to see us and, hearing that a "pignick" was proposed and that her beloved Mr. Charles was to be of the party, she outdid herself in preparations. She was a wonderful cook, and indeed her delicious supper, the pure country air—or something—were so invigorating that I was unusually pleased with my morning reflection in Praise-Be's mirror, and could not help thinking that for a woman of—that is, a woman who is not—in short, a woman who is, naturally, not a *girl,* I looked remarkably, shall I say, attractive?

Charles arrived in holiday mood. He complimented Saint Selina on her churchly tastes, joked with Praise-Be, and faithfully promised to eat every crumb of the luncheon but for the land's sake to bring back the basket.

We were off! The morning air was delicious, the car slid like a swift brook between the flower-starred fields, all was bright in our world. We admired every view, each little river and stream, the bewitching bends and turns of the road. A particularly charming little white house, which seemed to have tucked itself like a cushion under the elbow of a soft green hill, received our special approval, and it was only when we were actually speeding past it that Selina, with a very "winkle" look, said: "*Do* stop, Charles, at that abandoned little house, won't you?"

"Selina!" we cried in a breath. "Why, it's not abandoned a bit!"

"Never by me," said that saint; and we all scrambled out of the car and followed her across the grassy field that wandered up to the door.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was a most deceitful house, much bigger than it looked from outside, and it had been enchantingly reclaimed. We entered a square hall; a deep, wide fireplace with a broad mantel-shelf faced us as we stood on the threshold. On one side a staircase led up to a gallery off which some bedrooms opened—as we discovered when we explored later. On this side the windows were set high in the wall, on a level with the gallery, and the sunshine flooded down on the hall, the walls of which were stuccoed a rich cream. Sconces held sturdy candle-lamps; the wide old boards were stained a rich brown and waxed and polished until they glowed; the whole effect was subdued, mellow, restful. One needed little imagination to see it transformed into a delightful retreat for summer or winter, for richer or poorer, till death do us— I caught myself suddenly; I was being bewitched by Selina and her ecclesiastical influences!

She, delighted by our unreserved approbation, was expatiating to Charles on the essential fitness of oaken pews and blue cushions for these surroundings.

"You see, I'll put a pew—they're the loveliest wide things—on each side of the fireplace. The two big chairs will go beautifully in the dining-room; they *are* rather big, but they can be the father and mother chairs and I'll get some little slender children chairs to sit between them. Two pews will make a nice corner seat here near the door—the high backs will keep out the draft—for reading or anything, with a big, golden mellow lamp"—"a dim religious light," murmured Charles, but Selina was far from Charles in spirit now—"and then another pew piled with the blue cushions will be placed invitingly at the top of the stairs to the gallery——"

I admit that Selina's plan was beginning to look amazingly attractive, and we were listening with deep interest when the sound of wheels followed by shouts brought us to the door. At the edge of the field a furniture-truck had drawn up. There were a couple of men with it, but instead of dismounting they talked and turned and pointed to the house. Finally one of them came toward us.

"Excuse me, sir," he said politely to Charles, "but is there a church anywhere near here?"

"Yes, indeed, but it's not built yet," said Selina pleasantly. "But if those are pews and things for 'Sarsfield,' just bring them in, please."

The youth smiled all over. Selina's usual effect on men.

"Well, if you say so, miss, but it's rather an *unlikely* place, if you'll excuse *me;* and we wanted to be sure—because the boss says he's very sorry but he can't only deliver six of them pews and two chairs to-day, because the big truck is broken, and if it's all the same to you, miss, we'll onload now because it's a long ride back and we has Saturday afternoon off—when there's any of it left."

He left us breathless, and returned to his "boys" and directed them to unload.

They put the high-backed chairs one on each side of the mantel, then set the pews down the centre of the room between the fireplace and the door. Selina was obviously longing to rearrange them, but was too considerate to take the boys' time. Then they brought in two big bundles of seat-cushions, obligingly cut the strings, bestowed a last admiring glance at Selina, a very grateful one at Charles—as they had every reason to do—and went out. Turning

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to survey the scene as he left, the leader said amiably, evidently having had doubts of it: "Don't look so bad at that!"

Now Selina fell upon the cushions—the blue was indeed lovely — placed them in the pews, and stood back to survey the scene. Great bunches of wild flowers and leaves which we had gathered on our way over filled the deep fireplace and were thrust between the sconces on the mantel, and in the mellow afternoon sunshine the effect was unusual, and wholly charming.

"Isn't it perfect!" murmured Selina. Caught in the golden glow of the sunshine, her slender form and lovely face were those of a veritable saint. "It *is* rather churchy," she admitted. "Martin, wouldn't it be lovely to have a wedding here? If we only *could* have a wedding!" Then, as if struck by a sudden thought: "And we could, too, if only you and Charles——"

"Stuffenonsense!" said I, a little embarrassed, and turned to close the door. *"Good fortune!"* I cried inelegantly. "Here's a clergyman! Whatever can *he* want?"

"That is good fortune," said Charles instantly. I ignored him.

"What is it, sir?" I addressed the breathless and flushed but good-looking young clergyman who hesitated on the threshold.

"The church pews," he began; "if I might have a word with the purchaser."

"Selina, they have been *stolen* — you've been buying stolen property! Oh, I always knew there was something fatal about this affair!" I cried.

"You alarm yourself needlessly, I assure you, madam," said the young man earnestly. "May I speak to the purchaser?" and he looked at us inquiringly.

"You may, and it's me," said Selina, coming forward, and once more we had an example of the effect of Selina on her fellow men. The newcomer lost his senses completely—except that of sight.

"I suppose there isn't the slightest chance that you would be willing—that you would care to part with the——"

"It's providential," I whispered to Charles.

"Well, hardly! You see, I've just bought the things," said the rash girl.

"If I may explain?" said the victim. "Though, of course, I won't try to alter your decision."

Then he told us, and very modestly and simply, of his efforts to find some furniture for the services which he held in a small hall. His parish was a poor one, his parishioners chiefly foreigners, and the struggle had been hard. Some benefactor had promised him a small sum of money for the purpose if he could raise an equal sum. This had been accomplished, but where to find anything for the price at his command? He had heard of the opportunity of which Selina had availed herself, but first had to secure the benefactor's consent to the purchase. Meanwhile, enter Selina. When he arrived on the scene the furniture had been sold. Evidently the seller had been struck with the incongruity of Selina as a purchaser and had held out hope to the young clergyman that the day might yet be saved, and here he was, hot-foot on the trail of his prize.

"I hoped I might not be too late," he ended, with an enchanted smile, "but I see I am—though, indeed, it has been a great pleasure," he added most illogically, with a charming little bow to Selina.

That young woman's interest was obviously aroused. Left to herself, she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might—! I looked at Charles. I saw that he had the same idea. He acted instantly.

"Suppose we leave you, Selina, to discuss matters with this gentleman, while Miss Martin and I explore the—ah—grounds?" he said discreetly.

She smiled abstractedly, quite taken up with his, or indeed her, reverence.

Charles and I walked into the lovely outdoors.

"It *is* a delightful little place," I began; "one can almost forgive Selina——"

"I can *quite* forgive her," he said. "Selina has splendid ideas. For instance, I thought the idea she had just now was a capital one."

I looked an inquiry, though I knew perfectly well.

"About the wedding, I mean. Nell, dear, why don't you marry me? I've asked you often enough. Perhaps I've asked you too often?"

"It isn't that, Charles, but, you know, I've already told you. I am a woman of strong and independent character and I can *not* see myself being taken care of by *any* man, even——"

Charles was silent. I was surprised, for I confess that a little persistence *might* have— However! At last he said: "Perhaps you're right and, after all, I don't *want* to take care of you."

My surprise grew. This was not the Charles I thought I knew. Presently he added:

"You know how fond I am of Selina?"

"Yes," I said rather taken aback, for of course Selina *is* devastating, but I had always considered Charles as—well, as—Occupied Territory.

"Well," went on Charles, "when I see how fond you are of her, and how well you look after her, I can't help wishing that you'd consent some time to take care of me."

"Charles Cathcart," said I (for, I repeat, I am a woman of much sense and little sentimentality), "you are the most helpless creature I ever met and, since you really should have some one to take care of you, I suppose it had better be me."

A horn honked vigorously. We turned. There was the clergyman stepping into his car, and Selina, apparently now the patron saint of motorists, hovering round him. He waved us a hat of farewell, and we responded handfully and watched him out of sight before we joined Selina on the door-step.

She sprang to meet us. "Don't tell me, you two!" she cried joyously, flinging her arms about us. "Well, of all the perfect things! I'm so glad you've come to your senses at last. You look as guilty as a pair of cats that have eaten the cream. And, speaking of cream, do come in and let's have lunch. I'm starving. And you'll tell me all about it, and I'll tell you——"

"No, you tell us first," we said.

Just as we thought! Selina couldn't resist the opportunity for another extravagance. So she'd persuaded the devoted clergyman to take the pews and things for half what she'd paid for them —"so as to keep within his limit"— and he had insisted on her retaining the two high chairs, to make things even. And Selina had promised to attend the first service in his church when everything was installed. She ended inconsequently:

"So you see, old wiseacres, the abandoned house has brought you together, and you must love it as much as I do."

"We will, Selina, and, if you'll let us come and spend week-ends here

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sometimes, Nell and I will furnish it as our wedding-present to you."

"Charles, dear, of course you'll have it! And I promise you I'll never buy any more hews, or passocks, or cur—" She stopped, a little pink-cheeked.

"Well, my dear, it looks as if you're already provided with a curate," said Charles teasingly.

Selina suddenly became most hospitable and insisted on passing sandwiches. Finding we wouldn't have any more food, she took the greatest trouble to remove the remains of the feast and leave everything in order.

Then it was time to leave. So we shut the windows, and we locked the door, and, as we sat in the car for a moment before starting to look lovingly at the never-to-be abandoned house, Selina uttered an exclamation and, jumping down, ran indoors again. She came out a moment later, her hands behind her, face alight with mischief.

"The *one* thing you said I'd need, Martin, and after all we nearly forgot—the collection-basket!" And tucking Praise-Be's hamper under the seat, she ordered majestically:

"*Home,* Charles."

To the Old Frigate "Constitution"

By Henry van Dyke

A hundred mightier battle-ships,
Of steel from side to side,
Have struck their flag to Captain Time
And vanished on the tide.
Their marvellous machines outworn,
Their batteries out of date,
The newness of their day was done,—
They went the way of fate.

But thou, our wooden Ark of Hope,
Bold frigate of the free,
Art still upon the flood afloat,
A veteran of the sea.
For loyal hands have braced thy knees
And healed thy battle-scars:
The ensign at thy peak is bright
With eight-and-forty stars.

What keeps thee up and bears thee on,
O ship of olden fame?
The memory of thy victories won!
The meaning of thy name!
And while America keeps faith
With fathers and with sons,
No storm can sink her ship of state,
Nor twice ten thousand guns.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Incident

BY ROGER BURLINGAME

She heard the violin across the garden when she first came in. It was a tormenting thing he was playing, that man with the violin, wherever he was, beyond the garden, and these stupid people. She heard it across the greetings, above all the words, *"Enchanté," "Cara signora,"* the silly extravagances the men were speaking. It was a waltz, but it went out of the waltz-time into something quicker, as if some immediate and terrible desire had come suddenly into the heart of it and then, softly, the desire was satisfied; the time went slower, like calmer heartbeats when a storm of passion is past. And then, she thought, if it had ended there, if only it had ended there, drifting off into nothing, but it went on into something very complicated and dull.

She heard applause after it and *"Bravo,"* polite, unenthusiastic.

"Who is playing?" she said to some one.

"Oh, the violin? That is Ridot. You've not met him? He has just come from Paris. That is his own piece."

"Oh," she said and went on.

They were boring people, these guests of the Whites, but the garden was lovely and the old walls of the villa were nice in the moonlight. The moon was so bright that it cast black shadows of the palm-trees on the striped stucco walls, and the windows, with yellow light coming out of them, were warm and happy-looking. But anything would be lovely this night; it was a miraculous kind of night and a frightening kind of night; you were afraid of the bold moon, searching out your wants and your weakness.

However boring it all became, she thought, there was the night and there was the memory of that thing he had played, that Ridot, from Paris. What sort of person would he turn out to be? Mannered, arty, French, lascivious? What was that piece? "Does it mean what it meant to me?" The ending was meaningless, dull, stupider than these people saying *"enchanté"* . . . It was prolonged, superfluous, but before the end—before the real end—then—it was part of the night.

II

Ridot smiled at the people, bowed, and refused to play any more. "Ah, but you must!" "But it was exquisite!" "What is it called? *'Incident'?* Perfect!" He laid his violin in its case and snapped the case shut. "Tank you so moch," he said and went out the door into the garden. "He's a temperamental chap," said Harry White, apologizing to his guests.

Ridot went into the garden and looked across it to the black mountain behind. Then he moved across to the wall and turned to look at the villa. Most of the people had shivered and gone inside, because there is a chill in the night on the Ligure even in March. But there was a woman looking up at the mountain with the moon full on her face. Ridot saw her as he turned. She stood with her back to the wall of the villa

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with her hands out, touching the wall; her palms were against the wall. She stood so an instant, looking up at the mountain; then she turned and went into the villa.

Ridot stood, after she had gone, looking at the place where she had been. He was trembling. He could hear his heart pounding against his side, hurting him. He was unnerved, as if he had seen a vision. He stood so for a few seconds, then lowered his head in a sort of obeisance. "That," he said reverently, "is the most beautiful woman in the world."

III

She went in among the people. There was supper spread on the table, elaborate, American, for all the Italians who had prepared it, and stood, in white coats, to serve it. There was champagne and the kind of laughter that comes with champagne, and talk in several languages. Three Italians, looking like pirates, with gaudy handkerchiefs about their heads, were playing guitars. People were sitting against the walls on divans, eating and drinking, and behind them were the windows with damask curtains drawn back so that you could see the blue-black sky and torn clouds across it. If you could push these people aside and look out a window, you would see the little shut-in harbor of Delfino, with its lights and the revolving red light in the lighthouse, far down below.

It was hot. Harry White was talking. "I've got some Russians to dance. Do you like my place at night? You've never been here at night. I've bought it, you know. Have you met the Princess Bosnokoff? They've lost everything, you know, like all the Russians."

Yes, yes, charming, very sad. You could see the harbor, couldn't you? Then she had to go out on the terrace in front with Harry White, but the harbor did not look the same as it would have looked from the window if all the people had been pushed away and the lights inside all put out . . . What was this devil that possessed her? . . . Harry looked very handsome out there with his clean American features against the sky and his easy, graceful figure. She wanted to say: "Go and put out all these people and this food and this music and then go away yourself and leave me here alone. And have that Frenchman play that waltz thing again." Harry White said: "Aren't you glad I've bought it? You'll come often, won't you, when you can spare time from your music?"

My music, she thought. She wished people would not say "your music" that way, as if the music belonged to her, as you might say "your villa." "Yes, I'm glad you bought it," she said. "In a way. I wonder if you can buy things like this?"

"What?" said Harry.

IV

The Russians danced and God knew what else. Every one was having a good time. But it was awfully hot. If you could only break away and get out in that garden . . . Out there, or outside anywhere; anything might happen tonight; there was a kind of devil abroad, and one inside her, a wicked little devil that kept saying: "There goes the night, wasting, going away laughing at you, because you were afraid of it. Sitting here and saying *'bravo'* and clapping your silly little hands." It might well laugh. See the grin on the face of the moon. Fool! Will you never learn to live?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She edged nearer the door and then broke away, running out the door into the garden.

V

Ridot walked for the hundredth time the length of the garden wall. "There, that's a hundred," he said. What now? Begin all over again. Go away? Escape from this damnable thing? Why hadn't he gone away hours ago? Where to? He was all alone in this horrible Italian Riviera except for the Whites. They expected him to stay all night. Well, why not go to bed instead of walking this garden over and over? What made him put his ridiculous feet one before the other until he had paced out this thing a hundred times? It was about thirty metres long, a hundred times thirty metres. Good God, he'd walked three kilometres! And he must go on. Would she come? Why? She was enjoying that nonsense, *enjoying* it!

No one had liked the waltz particularly, or understood it. She hadn't heard it. A woman like that, a woman with a face like that, could she fail to see what he meant by it, "miss the point" as they said? Yes, the world was full of dull, beautiful women. But a woman with a face like that, eyes that even understood the night? This night?

Then he saw her running out into the garden. She saw him and stopped.

"Oh," she said.

"I'm sorry," said Ridot.

"It's nothing. Oh! Why, is it you who played the violin?"

"Yes. Did you hear it?"

"Yes, so I can talk to you although I have not had the pleasure——"

"Ridot, madame. Enchanted . . ."

"Oh, yes, I know. You are a Frenchman. Do you think me rude? I heard you playing . . . It did something to me. What is it you call that waltz?"

"*'Incident,'* madame. It pleased you?"

She looked down. There was faint disappointment in her face.

"Oh," she said. "I thought——"

Ridot waited and then said: "Madame thought?" His voice was caressing, like all Frenchmen's voices when they were talking to women. But there was an emotion below the caress, something powerful that made his voice sound not quite under control.

"Nothing," she said.

He waited again as if he were trying to command and quiet his feeling.

"Intelligent criticism is valuable to me," he said at last.

"Criticism?"

"You know music."

"Yes. But this is not music. I mean, I had thought there was—forgive me—I thought there was love, or the desire of love, in the conception . . . I'm talking like a fool."

"No, no," he said, "it is, indeed, love. I had called it *'Incident d'Amour.'* That is trite, like a popular song. But that is what I meant. *Incident d'Amour."*

"But, my dear young man, there is no such thing."

"I do not understand."

"Why, simply, that *un incident d'amour* does not exist. I mean an isolated, single incident. Yet that *was* what the thing suggested." She was speaking half to herself now, as though arguing against herself. "No. It does not exist." And then, very low, she added: "I wish to God it did." Was it herself that had said that? Or the devil that so possessed her this night? She heard herself saying it and was shocked. She wondered if Ridot had heard it and turned away from him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You go, madame—I do not know your name . . ."

"I'm better without a name. Your composition would have been better without a name."

"But please don't go. This discussion interests me."

"I can't discuss it. There is nothing to discuss. I say an 'incident' of this kind, with nothing before and nothing after, is impossible. All the discussion in the world won't make me believe it."

"It is the woman that says that."

She was angry at that, but she controlled her anger and looked at him. His face was delicate, his arms and hands powerful. There was none of the athletic grace, none of the good proportion that made Harry White look like the statue of a discus-thrower—to her a sterile beauty. She looked at him, and the devil in her reached out to him.

"No," she said quietly. "The idea has always pleased me. I have heard men speak of it, and men have told me that only a man can know it, but I don't believe it. Really, I don't."

He was young, younger than she. His face was emotional; it was moving with emotion now; not the emotion of the artist. There kept coming into it that thing which he could not quite control, that force that nearly broke his voice, sometimes, when he spoke. It swept his face, now, in waves. It called to something in her; it was pitched far below their words, like the instruments of percussion marking the time in an orchestra, like drums that you feel in your chest.

"You don't believe it yourself," she said, "or you couldn't have gone on into that complicated thing at the end of your *'Incident.'* Why did you do that?"

His face changed, weakened. It became the face of the artist. A shadow of pain passed over it, the twinge of the artist at the touch of a rude hand on his work. She saw it and was sorry, put her hand on his arm and said:

"I'm sorry. It merely makes the thing more true, after all. If only you had not called it by that name. But, you know, until the end, I believed that the other was true; if it had stopped just before that succession of arpeggios—you remember? Then I should have believed it. It gives the perfect illusion of that thing I should like so much to believe in."

"You wish to believe?"

"Yes, yes. It seems beautiful to me. I can't explain why. This night seems beautiful to me and it will be gone soon and to-morrow night it will rain. Yes." She stopped and smiled at him, and her smile faded. "I am a dull, conventional woman. I have lived in the strictest conformity with my Amercian social customs. I have never done anything in my life to compromise my position. I have loved, really, deeply loved—that is different, do you see? I have been unhappily married. But this other love, of the moment, as beautiful and isolated as this night . . . No, there is no such thing, except in dreams—and in your waltz."

She turned and looked at the villa. Some of the lights had gone out; in the kitchen, perhaps, where the servants were through for the night. The guitars had stopped and were tuning up. Italian musicians were always tuning; their ears were so exact. Then, suddenly, a tenor began—some Neapolitan air in the Caruso manner. It was very near and loud. She winced at the sound and said:

"I should like to go up the mountain a bit, where I could see over the villa and hear that tenor a little more remotely. Will you come?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They went up the cobbled path between the terraces that had been made with so much labor for the little olive-trees. She stopped once. "The stones are so hard," she said. "Will you help me?" And at last they were on a broad terrace high above the villa. The turf felt soft and pleasant under her feet after the cobbles.

They looked across to the hill beyond Delfino harbor with its sky-line of wild rock pines, a ragged fringe. The one light in the old castle on the hill went out. The song of the tenor came up faintly from the villa and stopped, the applause died away, and they could hear the waves beyond the point.

She turned to Ridot and said:

"I am a little afraid of the night now. Are you?"

And then his arms were round her, her head bent back under his kisses, and she looked full into the face of the moon.

At the foot of the path where the Margherita road comes by she left him.

"I will go home alone."

And she ran away from him down the dark road.

VI

Ridot sat at the upper window of Harry White's villa watching the dawn edge the ragged line of pines on the hill across the harbor. The fishermen along the curved water-front were whistling and calling to each other, launching their little boats and throwing in their nets. Ridot could hear every small sound acutely: the turning of the oar-locks, the dip of the oars, the falsetto of a child calling out *"Va bene,"* the rich voice of a boy up in the shrouds of a ship.

He had not slept or moved from his chair by the window. When the sun began to show over the hill, he went out of the room, down-stairs, through the great cold rooms of the villa. He found a servant and asked for coffee. He could not drink the coffee and went out into the garden. It was full of sunlight and spring flowers. He put his hand over his eyes and went back into the house, went out on the terrace in front, down the countless steps to the path, that led, at last, into the Margherita road. The motor omnibus slewed round the corner; he jumped to the side of the road and swore after the bus in French. He stumbled on, nervous, irritated at the people he passed. He went on to the square of the town that slopes down into the water, sat at a table outside the café and ordered a mixed vermouth. But when the waiter brought it, it was Italian and he could not drink it. He talked to the waiter for a while in French. Then he walked back up the steep, cobbled slope to the post-office.

"You go up the steps, always up the steps," said the woman in the post-office in slow, difficult French, "to the church San Giorgio, and then on the little path to the right and again down the steps, and then up many steps, and you will hear the pianoforte. Always it plays, the pianoforte," and she repeated it all, rapidly, in Italian.

VII

Ridot rang at the gate. He heard the bell ring far off; heard the piano stop. A young Italian girl with a gaudy red silk handkerchief about her head and knotted behind looked through the gate. She looked at Ridot, startled and afraid. He handed her a card through the gate, which she made no motion to open, and waited. The Italian girl went and came back and said:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The signora says she does not know the signore."

"But she must! But she must! Tell her—" He tried a stammering, absurd explanation in Italian. The maid went again and came back.

"No, signore, the signora says she does not know you. She has not met the signore. She cannot see him."

Ridot stared at her and his vision clouded. He saw her face soften, there was pity in her eyes.

"I regret myself, signore. But I can do nothing. She does not know you."

Ridot went back down the steps and along the path. As he turned, at the church, he heard the piano begin again and then the church shut off the sound.

Van Buren's Coach

By Wilson MacDonald

Van Buren's Coach is on the road;
It strangely moves from town to town.
At every stop pale folk step down—
A pale and shadowy folk;
And pale and shadowy folk step in—
Whose hands are long and white and thin:
Tragedian, knave, and harlequin
In ghostly cap and cloak.

If you should wake on windless nights
You'll hear Van Buren's Coach go by;
And if the moon is in the sky
You'll see unearthly horses,
In silver costumes dominoed,
Straining along the dustless road
As though they pulled a heavy load
Instead of grinning corses.

Van Buren drives the Coach himself:
His legs are like transparent mull,
And every hair upon his skull
Most carefully is parted.
Black orbs, that hold his sunken eyes,
Are filled with moonlight from the skies:
He was a man beloved and wise
Before his soul departed.

Van Buren loved and loved in vain;
And when he died his spirit grieved
For all who thus had been deceived—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whose faithful hearts were broken.
And every night his gaunt ghost takes
These mourners in his care, and wakes
Wild echoes on the hills and lakes
A mile above Hoboken.

And no one rides by dark with him
Save those who loved and loved in vain,
And who could never love again
So ardent was their passion.
He takes them back to gate and door
Through which their amours passed of yore,
And here they plead for love once more
In the old, hopeless fashion.

To-night the wind is weird and chill;
A ghostly ring is round the moon:
All morning and all afternoon
A tempest has been brewing.
The lake is wild with crying waves,
And from the churchyard's grassy graves
I hear above the wind, that raves,
A low and sweet hallooing.

And to the road a maiden comes
With wildness in her haunted eyes:
The wind is caught and, strangled, dies
In her ungathered tresses.
She hails Van Buren's Coach: "I came
To tell you, sweetheart, of my shame;
I am alone, alone to blame,"
The lovely maid confesses.

Too late! The ponderous Coach goes on:
It strangely moves from town to town.
At every stop pale folk step down—
A pale and shadowy folk;
And pale and shadowy folk step in—
Whose hands are long and white and thin:
Tragedian, knave, and harlequin
In ghostly cap and cloak.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

"Dodsworth" is Sinclair Lewis at his best. It is not satire, it is not exaggeration, it is not burlesque. It is a realistic novel of an American business man and his wife, and of what happened to them in Europe. This book will perhaps not score so sensational a success as that achieved by either "Main Street" or "Babbitt." They struck the public with all the shock of a surprise, and their wonderful mimicry gave hundreds of thousands of readers the pleasure of recognition. They added two proverbial expressions to the wealth of nations; in any part of the so-called civilized world to-day, the words Babbitt and Main Street are instantly understood. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Lewis and his work, it is a remarkable thing to have added two pieces to the world's current coin.

In the course of a conversation with a distinguished visitor from India, he told me that he thought every one who lived in India ought to read "Mother India" and no one else should read it at all. So I have sometimes wished that every American would read "Main Street" and "Babbitt" and that every foreigner would read something else. But of course foreigners read these two novels with peculiar gusto, because they confirm their secret hopes and wishes. They have always wanted to believe that Americans were as moronic as this, and now they have what they regard as the highest authority for believing it. It is no good to point out that the Main Street mind and the Babbitt mind are to be found everywhere in Europe; these labels have been definitely affixed to the concept American.

The denunciatory power of satire and its natural tendency to exaggeration reached a *reductio ad absurdum* in "Elmer Gantry" where the leading character not only failed to resemble any clergyman, it resembled nothing human. The best thing that book accomplished for its author was to cleanse his bosom of much perilous stuff. He got an enormous amount of black bile out of his system.

In "Dodsworth" his truly remarkable gifts are in evidence. The wife is a silky hellcat, but a real person; even the foreigners seem real; and Dodsworth himself can never become such a type as Babbitt because he lacks the over-emphasis of caricature. He is a man, with the limitations of his class, experience, and temperament.

Once upon a time I stood on the banks of the Savannah River, when it was in flood, over thirty feet higher than the normal level. The huge, swollen stream boiled along, turbid and turgid, carrying on its surface old hen-coops, parts of cottages, branches of trees, and every imaginable flotsam and jetsam; it was not a pretty sight, but it gave the impression of rude power and of reality. Well, the prose style of Mr. Lewis in "Dodsworth," as elsewhere, reminds me of a muddy river in flood. It sweeps irresistibly along, carrying everything

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with it. It lacks the grace and concision of the studiously chiselled style of stylists, but it is as real as life itself.

Nearly all Mr. Lewis's people appear to be unhappy; they are always trying to escape from themselves. His men seem to want to put on old clothes and run off somewhere in the woods, like small boys; and at other times, their only relaxation is to get drunk. Within the limits of the ordinary, confining himself to stupid, gross, sensual men, resourceless and dense, and with women who are fundamentally unintelligent and conscienceless, Mr. Lewis shows the hand of a master. But how about that whole world of men and women who are neither priggish nor coarse? Where in these remarkable novels does one get a glimpse of a society composed of intelligent, charming, unaffected, kindly people who live in the spirit? A stranger from Mars who obtained his idea of earthly society from the complete works of Mr. Lewis would hardly believe in the existence of such persons, for the only character in "Dodsworth" who seems unreal is the second Mrs. Dodsworth.

But now, in view of the prodigious improvement of "Dodsworth" over "Elmer Gantry," it may be that——

And I have immense faith in Mr. Lewis's natural endowment and creative power. He has sharp eyes, a photographic mind, an unrivalled gift of mimicry, and no end of vitality.

The kind of man whom one never meets in Mr. Lewis's novels, one has the privilege of living with in Lord Haldane's autobiography. He was a brilliant member of the intellectual aristocracy. This is a splendid book and will delight intelligent readers.

I first became acquainted with R. B. Haldane's writings, when, more than forty years ago, I read his translation of Schopenhauer. I never saw him, but I followed his career afar off; and his spiritual guide, the philosopher Lotze, I studied with ardor for three years.

Lord Haldane was a lawyer, a statesman, and a philosopher. I suppose there is no country in the world that contains so many eminent men in public life as Great Britain and Ireland. They are exactly the kind of men that our United States Senators ought to be. Think of a twentieth-century group like Haldane, Morley, Balfour, Bryce, Birrell, Baldwin, MacDonald, Asquith, Grey, all practical statesmen, dealing with fresh emergencies, and yet writing books on history, philosophy, economics, and classical and modern literature! These men are not merely well-informed; they are solidly grounded in the best scholarship and true culture. Americans in professional life, like the practice of the law, seem to devote all their energies to getting on in their profession; very few of them are the lights of the world in broad scholarship and culture. And as for our leading men in politics, while they are hard workers in committees, not many of them command the intellectual respect of the world.

Although Haldane wrote much in philosophy and metaphysics, and could converse easily and intelligently with Einstein, he was a successful lawyer. In the midst of a career filled with absorbing public duties and scholarly research, he had no difficulty in earning between seventy-five and one hundred thousand dollars every year at the bar, which seems sufficient.

He had an enlightened mind, and did his best to prevent war between England and Germany; as a result of this, and of his knowledge of German, and acquaintance with the Kaiser, Chancel-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lor and others, he was hounded out of office by British public sentiment during the war, which, it seems, could be just as stupid and as cruel as the mob-mind in any other country. Now Haldane had done more to get the army in condition before the war than any other man; his services were invaluable to England; but he suffered insult and ignominy. One of the most eloquent passages in the autobiography is where he describes the celebration in the London streets at the close of the war, with King George and Lord Haig riding side by side, and the city filled with enthusiastic throngs. Lord Haldane sat alone in his solitary house, when late in the evening Lord Haig called to tell him the truth.

Haldane's mother must have been one of the most wonderful women in the world. She lived to be one hundred years old, and her mind and judgment were so clear and weighty that her son consulted her on the most difficult and perplexing problems of statesmanship. And here is an astonishing fact; for the last fifty years of her life, her son wrote her a letter every day! except, I suppose, on those days when he was with her.

His sister, Miss Elizabeth Haldane, who has prepared this volume for the press, and who persuaded him to write it, is herself worthy of the best traditions of her remarkable family. A few years ago she published a book on George Eliot which is a model of its kind.

No one can read this autobiography without feeling inspired. It is well to know that such men exist; men of profound scholarship, of the highest ideals, of strict devotion to public service, of sheer nobility of mind and heart.

Here is a quotation from the last chapter.

> We little know our own limitations. Our duty is to work without turning our eyes to the right or to the left from the ideals which alone can light up our paths.

André Chamson's novel, "The Road," translated from the French by Van Wyck Brooks, is a work of art that leaves in the reader's mind an afterglow. It is a quiet, static book, like "Death Comes for the Archbishop"; one page and one man are about as important as another. The story does not move forward in leaps; it rather unfolds itself slowly, deliberately, until we feel that we are ourselves living in this place, and that all the characters are our neighbors. It takes skill of a high order to reveal life, environment, village people with such detachment. Yet although the work is purely objective, one feels that the author regards his men and women not with scorn or with irony, but with profound sympathy. It is remarkable that in a novel of such restraint, reserve, self-repression this affectionate sympathy is so unmistakable.

Charles Morgan, the young dramatic critic of the London *Times,* who was appointed to the difficult task of taking the place of the late A. B. Walkley, and who has given such general satisfaction, told me last summer in the course of several talks, that he was writing a novel. It has just appeared and is called "First Love." I do not hesitate to say that it is a noble and beautiful book. A boy of nineteen falls fathoms deep in love with a woman a few years his senior. Now why this perfectly natural, serious, and ideal passion should so often be treated with vulgar ribaldry, is not altogether easy to explain. I have sometimes wondered if the furtive grins that greet a "case" of first love do not often rise from a kind of nervous embarrassment that goes with immaturity. That is to say, the really serious and ma-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ture person is the one in love, not the man who laughs at him. The bashfulness of boys, the self-consciousness of girls, is often treated by older people with unmeaning brutality and a cruelty that is mainly stupid. Isn't it sometimes a way people have of shifting a kind of instinctive embarrassment from themselves; just as, if a man announces that he is an undertaker, the statement arouses laughter?

If a group of people are discussing others, and some young man is said to be in love, the remark is received with grins; and many writers treat the subject with jocosity. Whatever the reason for this may be, there is no irony in Mr. Morgan's story; it is an idyl. As Goethe said:

"Every youth for love's sweet passion sighs,
Every maiden sighs to win man's love;
Why alas! should bitter pain arise
From the noblest passion that we prove?"

This novel, however, is not a sentimental tragedy like "The Sorrows of Young Werther." It is far too serious to be sentimental. There is a sad sincerity in the style, a dignity and distinction, that will leave the reader deeply impressed.

"From his power to see children in men sprang that unique quality in Christ's judgment which was not what we call justice nor what we call mercy," I thought. "And it is this power of imagination which, if an artist possesses it, separates him from other men so that they can see nothing from his point of view. They are not to blame; they must conduct the world as it is; they are its administrators, not the givers of truth to it. When a judge sends a murderer to be hanged, he does what he must. If the prisoner's mother come to plead on his behalf, the judge dares not regard her. He and she are at cross-purposes—she pleading for a child in a man's shape; he 'protecting the community,' as he is bound. She is a sentimentalist, remembering what is not. He must harden his heart against her, for she speaks to the truth of innocency, and his justice is concerned with the accident of experience. Did the prisoner kill? the Court asks. Is her baby a murderer? asks she. It is a fact; yet not truth. So that we may pass sentence upon him, so that we may, in our own justice, be just to any human being, we must forget what it was of the essence of Christ to remember. Yet so it must be while we are what we are," I reflected, allowing my eyes to move slowly over the room, "for if each criminal stood his trial in his own nursery there could be neither prison nor gallows."

I could not see any escape from this paradox, but I was not made unhappy by it, "for," I said, "I am beginning to understand what it is that gives moral, as well as æsthetic, beauty to a great painting or a great poem, however debased its subject may be. A great artist perceives beneath all concealments that innocency of life which is the only background capable of exhibiting the truth of pain, of joy, of each human experience. In the criminal he perceives one who formerly was guiltless; in the harlot, maidenhood; in age, youth. Portraying the flesh, he discovers the origin and the journey of the soul."

David Hamilton, who was graduated from Yale in 1915, and who is a professional painter, has produced his first novel "Pale Warriors." Can you guess from what famous poem the title is taken? It certainly applies. The story centres around one woman, who is originally planned and created, and whom it is difficult to forget. *This* reader thanks God that he never knew her in real life; for while it is easy to condemn and even to despise the men whom she changes into swine, one has an uneasy suspicion that no man is safe in her presence. Her methods are direct rather than subtle; she has only one trump, but it takes every trick. Her absolute confidence in her physical allurement seems so well justified by results that I think we might pardon her if she held men in absolute contempt. She is well worth knowing (in the pages of a book) and I would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not have missed meeting her for a good deal. The particular pale warrior who tells the story loses his heart irrecoverably at the first interview; but the one and only moment when he loses his head is even more interesting. If there is any character in fiction who is absolutely egocentric, this is the one. Don't miss her; she is worth knowing; in a book. If there could be any ring contest between seductive women, I mean events akin to cockfights, I should like to be the manager and backer of this Beatrice; I feel confident she would defeat all opponents; and how the other women would hate her!

G. K. Chesterton has produced a shortish book containing forty-two brief essays, called "Generally Speaking." It is well named, for the subject covers everything from theology to beer. His pages are full of sudden surprises, but the surprise is like a revelation of sudden truth. His paradoxes do not bewilder so often as they convince.

In the essay on American morals, he makes a pertinent and significant inquiry into certain conceptions, perhaps more common in America than elsewhere, of right and wrong. One reason for his poking fun at us on ethical questions arises from the fact, I believe, that Americans as a class are more anxious to be right than the people of any other country. That leads us no doubt into some absurdities. Here is what G. K. C. says about an American attitude toward smoking.

> . . . I remember once receiving two American interviewers on the same afternoon; there was a box of cigars in front of me and I offered one to each in turn. Their reaction (as they would probably call it) was very curious to watch. The first journalist stiffened suddenly and silently, and declined in a very cold voice. He could not have conveyed more plainly that I had attempted to corrupt an honourable man with a foul and infamous indulgence; as if I were the Old Man of the Mountain offering him the hashish that would turn him into an assassin. The second reaction was even more remarkable. The second journalist first looked doubtful; then looked sly; then seemed to glance about him nervously, as if wondering whether we were alone, and then said with a sort of crestfallen and covert smile: "Well, Mr. Chesterton, I'm afraid I have the habit."
>
> As I also have the habit, and have never been able to imagine how it could be connected with morality or immorality, I confess that I plunged with him deeply into an immoral life. In the course of our conversation, I found he was otherwise perfectly sane. He was quite intelligent about economics or architecture; but his moral sense seemed to have entirely disappeared. He really thought it was rather wicked to smoke.

Now it is just possible that these two men were misunderstood by G. K. C. They were in the presence of a great man; they had never seen him before; they were naturally awkward and embarrassed. I am certain that if Bernard Shaw should offer an American reporter a cigar—which he would not do—the stranger would be in some confusion. I well remember my first interview with Maurice Maeterlinck; he offered me a cigarette; I lit it and stuck the lighted end in my mouth.

But I agree with Mr. Chesterton that there is more often in America than in any other country a misconception of morals which has done a great deal of harm. Excessive smoking for the very young and for certain invalids is probably not hygienic; just as coffee is bad for people who suffer from heart disease. But that smoking in itself and for the average person should have a flavor of wickedness is unfortunate; it confuses standards of morals and actually makes some people who enjoy smoking feel that they are indulging in some secret vice. There should be no flavor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about smoking except the flavor of tobacco; and yet I was brought up to believe that smoking was wrong, "inconsistent with a Christian life." A great many years ago I was surprised and then pleased by a little after-dinner incident. I was dining with a devout Congregational clergyman, and after the meal he lit a cigar. Feeling certain that he must have an apologetic attitude, though he gave no sign of it, I said idiotically, "I suppose you feel that a cigar has a quieting effect after a day's serious work." "Oh, no," said he, "I love the nicotine." That taught me a much-needed lesson.

While the daily consumption of even a moderate amount of alcohol is undoubtedly injurious to the majority of persons, and we should probably be better off if no alcohol were obtainable, I am convinced that the idea that to taste wine or beer is a sin has wrought immense and wide-spread injury. If we could regard wine as it was regarded by the early Christians, indifferently, as we regard tea or coffee, that is, without a shade of wickedness, it would probably be better for the morals of the human race, and there would be a fewer number of hip-pocket flasks and excessive, swinish drinking.

I remember how shocked and bewildered I was when first reading "Tom Brown at Oxford" to find that the most serious and most spiritually minded men drank together as naturally as they ate. When the late Mr. James B. Reynolds went forty years ago to a certain town in Belgium to form a Y. M. C. A. among university students, their meeting, opened with prayer, was liberally supplied with beer.

Professor Howard W. Haggard, M.D., has written a lively, interesting and valuable book called "Devils, Drugs, and Doctors." It is the "story of the science of healing from medicine man to doctor." It is abundantly and quaintly illustrated by many old pictures. The book, in addition to astonishing instances of human folly in the past, contains a large amount of important and helpful advice on the care of the health as it is understood to-day. I think, though, that the hostile attitude taken toward Christian Science, Osteopathy, and Bone-setting is unnecessarily sweeping. When I am sick, I send for a "regular" physician; but I know so many cases of persons who have been cured by Christian Science, by Osteopathy, and by Bone-setters, that although I feel they cannot help me (because of my unbelief?) they have helped others; thus I am unwilling to join in the chorus of condemnation.

Doctor Haggard's book shows that the history of medical science is just as full of superstition and error as the history of religion; in fact, the history of the human race is the long, slow disengagement of man from error. Nor will it do for a medical man to say that religion, with its insistence on virtue and continence, has done exclusively harm; the ancient exaltation of celibacy over married life may have had some evil results; but it is probable that religion and religious belief have kept more people healthy, by causing them to live decently, than any other one thing. Diseases that come from a vicious life are surely more frequent outside the church than in it. A hearty, sincere religious faith is as good for the body as it is for the soul.

But, with these reservations, I recommend Doctor Haggard's book because it is emphatically worth reading, and contains a vast amount of valuable information. The author commands a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sprightly, wholly unprofessional and non-technical style.

The publishers have got out a new, freshly illustrated limited edition of Hardy's masterpiece, "The Return of the Native," a sumptuous volume, worthy of its contents. The illustrations are original and particularly interesting.

Arnold Bennett's new novel, "Accident," will interest especially all readers who have travelled on sleeping-cars in Europe. His detailed observation of every feature of those *trains de luxe*, the sleeping compartments, the restaurant cars, the behavior of typical tourists, is accurately realistic: so realistic, that one feels the joggle of the train.

Waldo Frank's intensely serious book, "The Rediscovery of America," would be better if it were written a bit more informally. Dignity of style does not necessarily require the use of words that must be looked up in a dictionary. But although I feel that his strictures on Americans apply equally well to the men and women of other nations, his book contains much food, on which it were not amiss to chew the cud of bitter reflection. What he says on the conflict between the will to power and the principle of love is particularly well said. Waldo Frank was graduated from Yale in 1911, and attracted my attention by his precocious mind, developed far beyond that of the average undergraduate. In his freshman year he wrote an essay on Zola, which was deeply thoughtful and contained much penetrating criticism. Since his graduation, he has become both a philosopher and a novelist, and has lived much abroad, especially in Paris, where he feels as much at home as a fish in water. He is a remarkable writer, and if he gets rid of all pretentiousness, and writes in a simple, natural manner, he will produce a greater effect. It is only people who lack brains who have to pretend. Waldo Frank is abundantly supplied with brains.

The Reverend Doctor Edwin M. Poteat, of Atlanta, has written a small book on religion, called "The Scandal of the Cross," which I recommend to all clergymen who devote themselves entirely to the *teachings* of Christ, and seem afraid or reluctant to mention his sacrificial death.

Our beloved and popular American novelist, Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, leaves the ranks of the clever providers of entertainment and gives us a genuine high-class work of realistic art, in her new novel "This Strange Adventure." This is a powerful book, full of stark truth, told in a relentlessly grim and sincere fashion. I salute her! I knew all the time she had works like this inside her mind and that some day one of them was bound to come out. I must not spoil the story by telling the ending; but be sure that you make no mistake in seeing exactly how it does end, for I know some readers who missed it altogether.

In the next issue, I hope to say something about a number of good books for children. I am pleased to notice now "Little Robin Stay-Behind and Other Plays in Verse for Children," by the admirable Katharine Lee Bates. This is a volume of delightful imaginative fanciful short dramas suitable for children. I know of no better animal books for the young than the following works by Julius King. They are all illustrated in color, and are not only charming and entertaining—they will certainly make boy and girl readers familiar with singing birds and increase their affection for animals. "Birds in Rhyme," "Familiar Birds in Rhyme," "Dogs," "A B C of Birds," "A B C of Animals," "Animal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Frolics." An admirable work of nearly three hundred pages and copiously illustrated is "The Young Folk's Book of Polar Exploration," by E. L. Elias; this is just what it ought to be. "Down in the Grass," by Harold Kellock, illustrated by Kurt Wiese, is a pleasant collection of animal fables with an original twist. "The Girl of Tiptop," by Wilhelmina Harper, is an excellent collection of stories from the *Youth's Companion* selected especially for girls. "Buddie and Blossom," by Nathalie F. Moulton, is a series of tales for very little children, charmingly illustrated, and "Plain Jane," by Molly Harrower, also well illustrated, is a series of verses for tiny readers, which they will certainly enjoy.

Since writing this paragraph the news came of Katharine Bates's death. She played an important part in education.

St. John Ervine, the Irish fighting critic of the New York *World*, has come and gone, after staying here from September till nearly April. He has stirred up a fearful row in many quarters and purlieus of the stage, but for my part I hope he will accept the editorial invitation and spend another year with us. He has savagely attacked the contemporary theatres in New York but has always taken pains to say that the London stage is even worse. His comments and criticisms have provoked an enormous amount of discussion, the result of which must, I think, be mainly beneficial.

The season that has just closed has been remarkable for the managerial, business, financial success of a man of letters, Christopher Morley, who in the midst of daily writing, found time somehow to go across the river to Hoboken, open a theatre, which, in a disastrous epoch, has been filled with such an eager throng that seats have been selling for weeks ahead. By the way, can you correctly pronounce Hoboken?

The best new play of the period is probably "Wings over Europe" written by Robert Nichols and Maurice Browne, and produced by the Theatre Guild, with not a woman in the cast. Goethe suggested that three persons were necessary to the successful production of a play; the manager, representing the box office, the poet, representing idealism, and the clown, representing entertainment. Well, in this play we have two of the elements, for Robert Nichols is a poet and Mr. Browne a practical man of the theatre. The play is devoid of humor in the ordinary sense, but it is thrilling.

The Metropolitan Opera House closes its usually successful season, with its standard of singing and production up to its naturally high level. The most sensational novelty was the jazz light opera called "Jonny Spielt Auf," beautifully sung and mounted. Many seemed afraid either to enjoy this or to say they enjoyed it. I am bold to say that I found it full of diverting amusement and enjoyed every minute of the performance.

A thrilling murder story is "As a Thief in the Night" by R. Austin Freeman, where, in addition to some delightful murders and policemen, we learn how to make an omelet. The best omelets in the world are made at Mont St. Michel; but then, every Frenchman knows how to make that delectable dish. The ordinary American omelet, whether eaten domestically or *inn*wardly, is either one thing or the other and both bad. It either swells up like a lot of dirty seafoam, and you bite it with the same satisfaction with which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you would fletcherize a soap-bubble, or it settles down on the plate like a portion of asphalt. But in this murder story, explicit directions are given how to make an omelet; we followed these commands slavishly, and behold the result was perfect, and for the first time in my life I tasted a good omelet made by an American.

Here is a statement for the Faery Queene Club, from George H. Tripp, librarian at New Bedford. "Your Spenser class should hide their diminished heads. In the Table Talk of Samuel Rogers we are told that Southey told Rogers that he had read Spenser through about thirty times."

Well, I move that Southey's membership be transferred in good and regular standing from the F. Q. Club to the Ananias Club.

Isabel Fiske Conant of New York writes a sonnet in the Spenserian form.

PATTERN

"I used to pray to do good. Just from college
One does, and oozes with activities.
Then years pass and with deepening pain of knowledge,
One sends another prayer up to the skies . . .
Not to do harm; to make one's action wise.
Then more years pass; one lessens one's alarm,
And realizing more of destinies,
Observes the planet is a place for harm,—
At least, for strengthening the muscled arm
By struggle and collision of contact,
Not for illusive dream, mistaken charm,
But for the yet less stable matter, fact.
Why strive to pattern your life as you please?
The robe is fingered over mightier knees. . . ."

Paul H. Storm of Minneapolis was led by the reading of Philip Sidney's "Apologie for Poetrie" to take up the F. Q., every word of which he has read with enthusiasm. He receives an abundant entrance into the club.

Happening to mention the name of Herman Melville in a lecture in Brooklyn, a member of the audience gave me this personal recollection, which seems to me of general interest.

The mention of his name revived memories. His daughter, Elizabeth Melville, was my most intimate friend during my school days and until her death, several years ago, I was a frequent guest in the home. Although a little in awe of his dignified presence, I found him always kindly and most cordial. Bessie so often referred to their ancestral home at Pittsfield, Mass., where the children were born. The home "Arrow Head" is still in possession of some of the family, I think the daughter of Capt. Thomas Melville, who was a well-known Captain, living at Governor's Island, or at Staten Island, in the early seventies. I visited "Arrow Head" a few summers ago and saw with deep interest Herman Melville's library, and his old desk, with books everywhere. His city home, then in 26th St., near Fourth Ave., contained a wonderful library, at which I gazed with wonder and respect. Books to the right of you, books to the left of you, books all above you, and on the long table. I can see him now, in memory's picture, sitting in his big arm chair, a fine specimen of manhood. He was quite a well-known figure on the avenue, as he walked to and fro from business, cane in hand, withal tall, stately, and dignified. My father who admired Mr. Melville greatly, often spoke of "Omoo," and "Moby Dick." At that time Mr. Melville's books were appreciated in England—"A prophet is not without honor."

His contemporaries, extending over some years, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott, were often topics of conversation in his home to which I enjoyed listening, for in our studies at school we were studying the same in literature.

Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, the military authority on the London *Times*, and author of the book on the late war called "Reputations Ten Years After," on which I commented in this column, and on which I had the privilege of quoting a valuable letter from General J. G. Harbord, writes me a letter of such interest and importance that I am sure my readers will be glad to see it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I have read with great interest your comments in the January SCRIBNER'S—as I always read with keen interest as well as most appreciatively your comments on my writings. And in this case I am the more interested because of the quotation of the letter from General Harbord, a man for whom no student of the war can help feeling great admiration. Indeed it was because of my impression of Gen. Harbord in the light of what I heard of him from all quarters that in "appreciating" Pershing I attached special weight to Gen. Harbord's own comments. For in writing upon Pershing I was more handicapped than in other cases, having less intimate evidence and knowledge than when dealing with the leaders of the European armies. As regards Gen. Harbord's two points of criticism of my essay I would say that my suggestion was that he underestimated the paralysing power of machine-guns rather than "he was not fully aware of the effect." My opinion was based not merely on the results in the Meuse-Argonne but on the frequent reiteration of the view among his associates and himself that grenade and trench-warfare had paralysed the offensive spirit of the French and British, without qualifying reference to or suggestion of the part that machine-guns had played as the primary cause.

I feel that the method adopted in the U. S. Army to counteract this paralysis would have failed against the Germans of 1916, and I see Gen. Liggett rather endorses such a view, and even against the Germany of early 1918. If . . . November 1918 partially justified this training doctrine it was, at the least, tending to extreme optimism to base a training doctrine on the hypothesis that the fighting morale of the Germans—half-starved, stricken by sickness, and bombarded by wailing letters from home,—would sink so rapidly as it did between July and September 1918. As regards the second criticism, this is evidently based on a lapse of memory—as Gen. Harbord suggests may have occurred owing to a lapse of time since he read the *Atlantic* article. I nowhere criticised the excessive loss of officers compared with enlisted casualties. Indeed, I specially refrained from doing so. For I agree most emphatically with the penetrating comments which Gen. Harbord makes in this connection. An excessive toll of officers is an inevitable price which must be paid for unpreparedness and for democracy.

I hope that these observations may interest and not bore you. Once more with warm thanks, and cordial regards, I remain

Yours very truly,
B. H. LIDDELL HART.

I have received from Jas. Melvin Lee, director of the Department of Journalism, of New York University, a very interesting note on the establishment by Otsego County of a prize to honor the memory of James Fenimore Cooper and Samuel F. B. Morse, both of whom were students at Yale University. I quote from the statement enclosed with Mr. Lee's letter.

A movement has been started to raise among the citizens of Otsego County a fund to establish the James Fenimore Cooper Prize in the city of New York—to recall the lifelong friendship between Cooper and Morse. The latter, with his telegraph, put the news in the newspaper, and the former, with his criticisms of the press, did much to reform personal abuses of public men in the press. The prize very appropriately will be awarded to the journalism student at New York University who each year submits the best critical article on the press. The time thus to honor Cooper is most appropriate because this year a bust of him will be unveiled in the Hall of Fame which stands on the campus of the University. . . .

Contributions may be sent either to Owen C. Becker, Oneonta, New York, or to James M. Lee, 100 Washington Square East, New York City. All contributions will be acknowledged officially by New York University.

Professor W. H. Wilcox of Muskingum College, Ohio, writes to As I Like It about "As You Like It."

I have just been going over As You Like It with my classes again, and have been wondering again about a possible interpretation of one of the songs in the play.

Come hither, come hither, come hither!

The movement is exactly that of the call of our Carolina wren, which the Carolinian says calls,

Free nigger, free nigger, free nigger!

Was Shakespeare imitating a bird's call?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For the Ignoble Prize, S. F. Houston, of Philadelphia, makes the following nomination:

I would like to call attention to the last paragraph of the Declaration of Independence, which reads:

"We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, etc."

There is another instrument, also drafted in Philadelphia, which by some persons nowadays is more honored in the breach than in the observance. The preamble of that instrument ends with this statement:

". . . , do ordain and establish this CONSTITUTION for the United States of America."

Having before us these official statements, it is, I suppose unnecessary to remind one that the question of the proper adjective descriptive of the embassies of our nation was definitely settled some years ago. The then Secretary of State, I believe it was John Hay, ordered all Ambassadors to immediately place suitable tablets upon their respective offices, reading: "The American Embassy."

As far as I am aware, no country other than ours includes the name "America" in its title. Our neighbors in the Western Hemisphere are the "Dominion of Canada," the "United States of Mexico"; the "Republic of New Granada" has become "Colombia"; there are also the "United States of Venezuela," the "United States of Brazil," the "Argentine Republic," "Chile," "Bolivia," "Peru," etc. etc.

With this lengthy preamble, I now nominate as candidate for the Ignoble Prize any person who refers, even in a joke, to our native land as the "United States of North America."

Miss Elizabeth Dana Marble joins the Fano Club. She was there in January and found the streets of the old Roman town crusted with ice.

I learn from my friend Hudson R. Hawley, better known as Boz, the representative of the Associated Press at Rome, that the distinguished chief of the bureau of the A. P. at Rome, Signor Salvatore Cortesi, is an original life member of the Fano Club.

. . . He is the real, fine type of Italian gentleman that you knew when you were combing Florence and the rest of the Browning country for the wherewithal to make the poet palatable to carnal-minded Yale juniors. He has probably known more pontiffs, princes, potentates, and powers in the course of his long journalistic career than even you and I put together. If you doubt it, his book, "My Thirty Years of Friendships," published a couple of years ago by Harpers, will speedily convince you.

Above all, he is a life member of the Fano club! His daughter, Betta, now Signora Rossi, lives there, and he revisits your friend, the other Guardian Angel, in Sant' Agostino, regularly every summer. He has a gorgeous sense of humor, and could give you the latest tidings of all your old pals in Italy, from Fra Lippo Lippi up to the bishop who ordered his tomb at St. Praxed's church.

Ambrose Bierce was not noted for his amenity. I read the following item in a newspaper:

. . . A California authoress sent a manuscript to Ambrose Bierce with the request that he give her "a criticism in one sentence, and drop further comment." Something was heard to drop all up and down the Pacific Coast when he replied: "The covers of your book are too far apart."

For current announcements of the leading publishers see the front advertising section.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Mystery of the Leonardesque

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

WALTER PATER once described Platonism as a habit of mind. The phrase is not inapplicable to Leonardo da Vinci. That unique quality in art which is known as "the Leonardesque" is a habit of mind, a state of soul, an imponderable and elusive thing. That is what was always coming back to my imagination during the long Hahn-Duveen trial last winter, revolving around a question of authenticity. In this celebrated case the plaintiff insisted upon it that her picture of "La Belle Ferronniere" was by the master. The defendant saw Leonardo's hand only in the portrait which hangs in the Louvre. Posed by the problem as to which painting was to be given the palm, the jury disagreed. In and out of the court-room discussion went on as though the matter were susceptible of decision on some basis of measurable truth. All the time, as I have said, I mused upon the curious, uncapturable nature of the Leonardesque, upon the controversies that have raged over this or that enigma in his cosmos, on the terrific task which would confront any body of men, expert or otherwise, asked to say, bluntly, whether Leonardo had or had not painted a work seriously challenged.

"La Belle Ferronniere" as we see her in the Louvre supplies a perfect instance of the baffling front which Leonardo presents. Bernard Berenson, who has singular authority in these matters, did not list the picture as the master's when he published his "Florentine Painters" in 1896, and, on a later occasion, describing it as Milanese, of the school of Leonardo, he added parenthetically that "one would regret to have to accept this as Leonardo's own work." Yet when the Hahn-Duveen conflict was developing in Paris in 1923 Berenson spoke of the Louvre picture in this wise:

> There was a time when I was just ignorant enough to doubt its authenticity, because a little knowledge makes one extremely skeptical and it seemed to me to be not in the character of the other things of Leonardo's that I was prepared to accept. I found from my examination that certain other critics were equally skeptical with myself and I was in that state for a number of years. Then, I think as early as the publication of my "North Italian Painters," I was already saying that it was extremely difficult to think of any other person designing and painting in this formula who was great enough to achieve such a masterpiece, and in that direction I have been moving ever since. And now, after some fifteen years from that date, I scarcely have a shadow of a doubt but that it is a picture of Leonardo da Vinci himself.

I quote the passage as an example of critical open-mindedness and as an instance of the mobile, evasive spirit in the art of Leonardo. The divergence of the critics in regard to this particular work still goes on. Mr. Edward McCurdy admirably summed up one batch of opinions in a long letter to *The London Times* following the recent lawsuit, and after him came Captain Langton Douglass with another batch. Oswald Siren, whose volumes published in Paris last year make an interesting contribution to the subject, flatly designates "La

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Virgin of the Rocks.

From the painting by Leonardo in the Louvre.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

St. Jerome.

From the unfinished painting by Leonardo in the Vatican.

Study for the Head of a Warrior.

From the drawing by Leonardo in the British Museum.

The Last Supper.

From the painting by Leonardo at Milan.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Isabella d'Este.

From the drawing by Leonardo in the Louvre.

Mona Lisa.

From the painting by Leonardo in the Louvre.

The Adoration of the Magi.

From the unfinished painting by Leonardo in the Uffizi.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

St. Anne and the Virgin.

From the cartoon by Leonardo in Burlington House.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Belle Ferronniere" as of the "Ecole Milanaise." Others are as confident of Leonardo's authorship. What is the layman to do in the midst of a cloud of contradictory judgments? Possess his soul in patience and, meanwhile, look at the unquestioned paintings—and drawings—and do what he can to form an idea of the Leonardesque, a mystery by itself alluring.

◇ ◇ ◇

The wisest approach, as it seems to me, is one taking account of the broad foundations of Leonardo's art. They included primarily the traits of the pure craftsman. "The first object of a painter," he said, "is to make a simple flat surface appear like a relief and some of its parts detached from the ground; he who excels all others in that part of the art deserves the highest praise. This perfection of the art depends on the correct distribution of lights and shades called chiaroscuro." He knew his trade if ever a man did. It is important to conceive of him, at the outset, as a finished technician. Also it is important to observe how strong he was on the close alliance of workmanship with nature. Though the painter, he believed, had "two chief objects to paint, man and the intention of his soul," he never went after the soul, if I may so express it, until he had thoroughly mastered the man, all the visible elements of form through which the intangible was to be expressed. I love this admonition of his on the importance of making sure of your facts by coming to close quarters with them: "I say to painters never imitate the manner of another, for thereby you become the grandson instead of the son of Nature. And truly models are found in such abundance in Nature that it is far better to go to them than to masters." The drawings show how incessantly he "kept his eye on the object," scrutinizing all manner of phenomena, pausing in one moment over the loveliness of a flower and in the next over the fearsome visage of some roadside hag. There is a picturesque episode which shows how this seer, this mystic, this sublime adventurer in the things of the mind, stood firmly on the earth and grasped at every fragment of the truth that could be, so to say, seen and touched and handled. It belongs to the time of the Pazzi conspiracy, when Leonardo sketched one of the traitors, Baroncelli, hanging at the rope's end. That he should have drawn such a subject at all is itself a proof of his insatiable interest in mankind. There is a deep meaning also in the words he scribbled along with his sketch, these notes on the costume of the corpse: "Small tan-colored cap, black satin doublet, lined black jerkin, blue cloak lined with fur of foxes' breasts, and the collar of the cloak covered with velvet speckled black and red; Bernardo di Bandino Baroncelli; black hose." Meticulous accuracy in realism could no farther go.

It is one factor, and an important one, in the composition of the Leonardesque. He knew men's bodies inside and out, frequently dissecting them and tracing back to the last elements of anatomy those truths revealed by movement and gesture. An apposite illustration of his interest in structure is the "St. Jerome," in the Vatican. The value of this unfinished work resides above all in its powerfully realistic delineation of the great frame of the bony hermit. In our modern jargon it is a superb "academy," a superb study of form. The mystical painter is in abeyance. The recorder of the thing seen comes directly into the foreground. The important thing to re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

member, of course, is that with Leonardo the thing seen was always indispensable to him, that nature was the unfailing support of whatever dreams he ever came to dream. And here, in pursuit of the Leonardesque, one never ceases to wonder why artistic dreams did not more often hold him. He left a rich mass of drawings but only a handful of paintings. Life, and by this I mean emphatically the concrete issues of his day and place, was always distracting him from the analyses and reveries of the studio. He had, too, a Goethean passion for knowledge for its own sake, a passion that made him a student of optics, astronomy, geology, botany and so on. The philosopher in him easily became merged in the watcher of the flight of birds, a fifteenth-century anticipator of the science of aviation. There was no limit to his range. He would, like Omar Khayyam, send his soul through the invisible. The travellings of his mind only add further swathings to the secret of the Leonardesque and make it the more difficult to find out. But it is helpful to hold fast to a conception of him—for which there is ample warrant—as an intensely human creature, turning in practical mood to the job at hand.

◇ ◇ ◇

There is nothing more like him than the famous letter in which he offered his services to the Duke of Milan:

> I have a method of constructing very light and portable bridges, to be used in the pursuit of, or retreat from, the enemy. I have also most convenient and portable bombs, proper for throwing showers of small missiles, and with the smoke thereof causing great terror to the enemy, to his imminent loss and confusion.

Words like these, which abound in his writings, confirm the drive at actuality which I have been at pains to underline as full of meaning for the searcher after the Leonardesque. But, I repeat, it has to do with the scaffolding on which the works of art were reared rather than with the animating genius of the works of art themselves. In the "St. Jerome" the scaffolding is vividly exposed. In the "Adoration" of the Uffizi, in the "Last Supper" at Milan, in the four canonical masterpieces in the Louvre, the "Annunciation," the "St. Anne and the Virgin," the "Virgin of the Rocks," and the "Mona Lisa," you rise into the pure ether of the master's imagination, you see nature raised to a higher power. Richter's precious volumes of "The Literary Works of Leonardo da Vinci" contain a vast pell mell of thoughts and to turn to them for clues is to face an embarrassment of riches. Certain of the "Philosophical Maxims" are peculiarly suggestive:

> Our body is dependent on heaven and heaven on the spirit.
>
> The senses are of the earth; Reason stands apart in contemplation.
>
> Wisdom is the daughter of experience.
>
> Nature is full of infinite causes that have never occurred in experience.
>
> Truth was the only daughter of Time.

Those gnomic fragments all point to a loftily groping, spiritualized intellect. You feel its force in the drawings and paintings and, to draw closer to the mystery of the Leonardesque, you need to comprehend in these productions what I can only describe as the capstone to all of his resources, a prodigious ardor for beauty. In that consummation the truth of the realist and the creative invention of the mystic are fused, and it is in his apprehension of that dual splendor of the painter that the student is put upon his mettle, For him to *see* the beauty in the Leonardesque is only half the battle. He must *feel* it, clairvoyantly,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

if he is really to know it, it is so subtle, so impalpable, so profoundly spiritual.

◇ ◇ ◇

The master was predestined to "see beautifully" and if he had such unerring art in setting down what he saw it was in great measure because of one power that he had as a craftsman, supreme power of line. The drawings at Windsor and elsewhere offer overwhelming testimony to this. Some of them are extraordinarily bold and summary, the realist dominating. In a larger number you recognize a supernatural fineness, a delicacy incomparable in the whole historic range of great draftsmanship. How he could draw a profile! How, with his linear magic, he could define the tendrils of a woman's hair! And then, in downcast eyes and ineffably sweet lips, he seems to reach into depths of tender expressiveness unplumbed by any one else, even of the giants. His line, too, for all the subtlety it reveals, for all the light, tremulous loveliness that exhales from one of his drawings like the fragrance from a flower, has the sureness, the strength, of tempered steel. He who pores over the drawings—and most of the writers on Leonardo include some of them amongst their illustrations—will find them luminous guides on the path that leads to the Leonardesque. Line supplies one of the keys with which to unlock the door of the antechamber to that mystery.

"Mystery," I cannot too often reiterate, is a word of special significance in the world of Leonardo. He is mysterious because, for one thing, he himself dealt in mystery. He withholds himself from us in substance as well as in form. "The senses are of the earth; Reason stands apart in contemplation." He always stood apart and whether you call him the type of high reasoning, the man of imagination or the pure poet you have to reckon with some sort of unearthly instinct in him, piercing to regions denied to lesser men. The world has elected to talk more about the "Mona Lisa" than about any other of his works and that immortal smile is no doubt as provocative of speculation as it is unfathomable. But the "Mona Lisa" is one of the most mundane portraits, as well as one of the most inscrutable, in the galleries of Europe. It has never seemed to me to be as rich in the Leonardesque as, say, the glorious cartoon for "St. Anne and the Virgin," at Burlington House or the "Virgin of the Rocks," with its phantasmal yet entirely credible light. In designs like these Leonardo is indescribably elevated, indescribably noble, penetratingly eloquent in his manifestation of the Leonardesque. And in a picture such as the "Virgin of the Rocks" he not only creates divine figures but evokes a marvellous scene. It is as though all the "experience" of which he made so much, all his careful studies of bodies and draperies, and of landscape in its myriad forms, with all his profound meditations, were gathered up in a great gust of inspiration that filled his picture with an indefinable beauty. Grace was inseparable from that beauty, a grace as haunting as music. And at the same time, just as I have spoken of the strength underlying the delicacy of his line, so I would speak of the emotion akin to austerity underlying his sweetness. I recall a remark in Berenson's testimony in Paris, an allusion to "the severity of a true Leonardo." It is a deep and true saying. Along with the master's evanescent beauty there is the might of portentous genius. It gleams,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it passes across our vision in strange modulations, it defies analysis—and it imposes itself upon us with something of the grand authority of the Elgin marbles.

This majesty of Leonardo reaches its climax, inevitably, in the "Last Supper," that renowned ruin which despite its parlous state nevertheless preserves any number of qualities that are still vivid and potent. There is the blending of naturalness and dignity in the conception. There is the masterly characterization in the heads. There is the dramatic fire with which a gesture at one point or another accents the sublime serenity of the picture. There and nowhere else in painting are the pathos and the awfulness of the theme realized to sway the hearts of men. For generations the historians and the critics have been lamenting the wreckage amid which the idea of the painter persists. But the essential fire in the idea never dies down, a phenomenon alone testifying to the genius of Leonardo. There is one element in the painting that remains especially triumphant above the wreckage, one on which I would particularly pause. That is the heroic simplicity of the composition, the gift for pictorial organization which arranged those impressive figures on the wall. It lies at the very heart of the Leonardesque.

◇ ◇ ◇

That was rooted, as I have said, in truth. It rested largely also upon craftsmanship, upon character of line and upon a play of light and shade which Leonardo placed high up amongst the aims of the artist. It drew much from the recondite springs of design, from the faculty for organization to which I have just referred. It is useless to walk around this problem without a clear realization that Leonardo was a great man of his hands, a trained painter, a master of the brush. But the Leonardesque owed most of all to the operations of the spirit, to the vision of beauty which no one before or since has ever even remotely matched. I cannot reconcile myself to the criticism which would take away from Leonardo and give to the atelier of Verrocchio the ravishing study for a head of the Madonna in the Uffizi. Nor can I give up the belief that Leonardo, in his pupilage, painted one of the angels in the foreground of Verrocchio's "Baptism of Christ," in the Accademia at Florence. Verrocchio was himself a great master but in respect to sheer beauty he could not bend Leonardo's bow. Leonardo preserves the same imperial aloofness when he moves amongst his disciples or is regarded with reference to the whole Milanese school devoted to his tradition. Muntz, one of the best of his biographers, has a good saying about the followers: "We learn from the old legend that a single drop of milk from Juno's breast produced the Milky Way. Thus one look from the great Leonardo has sufficed to fill Italy and all Europe with masterpieces." True. Yet the fact remains that Boltraffio, Cesare da Sesto, Andrea Solario, Luini, Sodoma, and Gaudenzio Ferrari, enchanting as they all are, but faintly renew the spell of the master. He stays unapproachable, inimitable. How can we fathom his mystery? How can we read the riddle of the Leonardesque when it baffled even those who were nearest to him in the golden age?

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Farewell to Arms

(Continued from page 660 of this number.)

Mrs. Walker's too old and she's no use to her."

"She's a splendid woman," I said. "Thank her very much."

"I'm going to bring your supper right away."

"That's all right," I said. "I'm not hungry."

When she brought the tray and put it on the bed table I thanked her and ate a little of the supper. Afterward it was dark outside and I could see the beams of the search-lights moving in the sky. I watched for a while and then went to sleep. I slept heavily except once I woke sweating and scared and then went back to sleep trying to stay outside of my dream. I woke for good long before it was light and heard roosters crowing and stayed on awake until it began to be light. I was tired and once it was really light I went back to sleep again.

XIV

It was bright sunlight in the room when I woke. I thought I was back at the front and stretched out in bed, my legs hurt me and I looked down at them still in the dirty bandages, and seeing them knew where I was. I reached up for the bell-cord and pushed the button. I heard it buzz down the hall and then some one coming on rubber soles along the hall. It was Miss Gage and she looked a little older in the bright sunlight and not so pretty.

"Good morning," she said. "Did you have a good night?"

"Yes. Thanks very much," I said. "Can I have a barber?"

"I came in to see you and you were asleep with this in the bed with you."

She opened the armoire door and held up the vermouth bottle. It was nearly empty. "I put the other bottle from under the bed in there too," she said. "Why didn't you ask me for a glass?"

"I thought maybe you wouldn't let me have it."

"I'd have had some with you."

"You're a fine girl."

"It isn't good for you to drink alone," she said. "You mustn't do it."

"All right."

"Your friend Miss Barkley's come," she said.

"Really?"

"Yes. I don't like her."

"You will like her. She's awfully nice."

She shook her head. "I'm sure she's fine. Can you move just a little to this side? That's fine. I'll clean you up for breakfast." She washed me with a cloth and soap and warm water. "Hold your shoulder up," she said. "That's fine."

"Can I have the barber before breakfast?"

"I'll send the porter for him." She sent out and came back. "He's gone for him," she said and dipped the cloth she held in the basin of water.

The barber came with the porter. He was a man of about fifty with an up-turned mustache. Miss Gage was finished with me and went out and the barber lathered my face and shaved. He was very solemn and refrained from talking.

"What's the matter? Don't you know any news?" I asked.

"What news?"

"Any news. What's happened in the town?"

"It is time of war," he said. "The enemy's ears are everywhere."

I looked up at him. "Please hold your face still," he said and went on shaving. "I will tell nothing."

"What's the matter with you?" I asked.

"I am an Italian. I will not communicate with the enemy."

I let it go at that. If he was crazy the sooner I could get out from under the razor the better. Once I tried to get a good look at him. "Beware," he said. "The razor is sharp."

I paid him when it was over and tipped him half a lira. He returned the coins.

"I will not. I am not at the front. But I am an Italian."

"Get the hell out of here."

"With your permission," he said and wrapped his razors in newspaper. He went out leaving the five copper coins on the table beside the bed. I rang the bell. Miss Gage came in. "Would you ask the porter to come please?"

"All right."

The porter came in. He was trying to keep from laughing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Is that barber crazy?"

"No, Signorino. He made a mistake. He doesn't understand very well and he thought I said you were an Austrian officer."

"Oh," I said.

"Ho ho ho," the porter laughed. "He was funny. One move from you he said and he would have—" he drew his forefinger across his throat.

"Ho ho ho," he tried to keep from laughing. "When I tell him you were not an Austrian. Ho ho ho."

"Ho ho ho," I said bitterly. "How funny if he would cut my throat. Ho ho ho."

"No, Signorino. No no. He was so frightened of an Austrian. Ho ho ho."

"Ho ho ho," I said. "Get out of here."

He went out and I heard him laughing in the hall. I heard some one coming down the hallway. I looked toward the door. It was Catherine Barkley.

She came into the room and over to the bed.

"Hello darling," she said. She looked fresh and young and very beautiful. I thought I had never seen any one so beautiful.

"Hello," I said. When I saw her I was in love with her. Everything turned over inside of me. She looked toward the door, saw there was no one, then she sat on the side of the bed and leaned over and kissed me. I pulled her down and kissed her and felt her heart beating.

"You sweet," I said. "Weren't you wonderful to come here?"

"It wasn't very hard. It may be hard to stay."

"You've got to stay," I said. "Oh you're wonderful." I was crazy about her. I could not believe she was really there and held her tight to me.

"You mustn't," she said. "You're not well enough."

"Yes I am."

"No. You're not strong enough."

"Yes. I am. Yes. Please."

"You do love me?"

"I really love you. I'm crazy about you."

"Feel our hearts beating."

"I don't care about our hearts. I want you. I'm just mad about you."

Catherine sat in a chair by the bed. The door was open into the hall. The wildness was gone and I felt finer than I had ever felt.

She asked. "Now do you believe I love you?"

"Oh, you're lovely," I said. "You've got to stay. They can't send you away. I'm crazy in love with you."

"We'll have to be awfully careful. You'll have to be careful in front of other people."

"I will."

"You'll have to be. You're sweet. You do love me, don't you?"

"Don't say that again. You don't know what that does to me."

"I'll be careful then. I don't want to do anything more to you. I have to go now, darling, really."

"Come back right away."

"I'll come when I can."

"Good-by."

"Good-by, sweet."

She went out. God knows I had not wanted to fall in love with her. I had not wanted to fall in love with any one. But God knows I had and I lay on the bed in the room of the hospital in Milan and all sorts of things went through my head and finally Miss Gage came in.

"The doctor's coming," she said. "He telephoned from Lake Como."

"When does he get here?"

"He'll be here this afternoon."

XV

Nothing happened until afternoon. The doctor was a thin quiet little man who seemed disturbed by the war. He took out a number of small steel splinters from my thighs with delicate and refined distaste. He used a local anæsthetic called something or other snow which froze the tissue and avoided pain until the probe, the scalpel or the forceps got below the frozen portion. The anæsthetized area was clearly defined by the patient and after a time the doctor's fragile delicacy was exhausted and he said it would be better to have an X-ray. Probing was unsatisfactory, he said.

The X-ray was taken at the Ospedale Maggiore and the doctor who did it was excitable, efficient and cheerful. It was arranged by holding up the shoulders, that the patient should see personally some of the larger foreign bodies through the machine. The plates were to be sent over. The doctor requested me to write in his pocket notebook, my name, and regiment and some sentiment. He declared that the foreign bodies were ugly, nasty, brutal. The Austrians were ——— — ———.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How many had I killed? I had not killed any but I was anxious to please—and I said I had killed plenty. Miss Gage was with me and the doctor put his arm around her and said she was more beautiful than Cleopatra. Did she understand that? Cleopatra the former queen of Egypt. Yes, by God, she was. We returned to the little hospital in the ambulance and after a while and much lifting I was upstairs and in bed again. The plates came that afternoon, the doctor had said by God he would have them that afternoon and he did. Catherine Barkley showed them to me. They were in red envelopes and she took them out of the envelope and held them up to the light and we both looked.

"That's your right leg," she said, then put the plate back in the envelope. "This is your left."

"Put them away," I said, "and come over to the bed."

"I can't," she said. "I just brought them in for a second to show you."

She went out and I lay there. It was a hot afternoon and I was sick of lying in bed. I sent the porter for the papers, all the papers he could get.

Before he came back three doctors came in the room. I have noticed that doctors who fail in the practice of medicine have a tendency to seek one another's company and aid in consultation. A doctor who cannot take out your appendix properly will recommend to you a doctor who will be unable to remove your tonsils with success. These were three such doctors.

"This is the young man," said the house doctor with the delicate hands.

"How do you do?" said the tall gaunt doctor with the beard. The third doctor, who carried the X-ray plates in their red envelopes, said nothing.

"Remove the dressings?" questioned the bearded doctor.

"Certainly. Remove the dressings, please, nurse," the house doctor said to Miss Gage. Miss Gage removed the dressings. I looked down at the legs. At the field hospital they had the look of not too freshly ground hamburger steak. Now they were crusted and the knee was swollen and discolored and the calf sunken but there was no pus.

"Very clean," said the house doctor. "Very clean and nice."

"Um," said the doctor with the beard. The third doctor looked over the house doctor's shoulder.

"Please move the knee," said the bearded doctor.

"I can't."

"Test the articulation?" the bearded doctor questioned. He had a stripe beside the three stars on his sleeve. That meant he was a first captain.

"Certainly," the house doctor said. Two of them took hold of my right leg very gingerly and bent it.

"That hurts," I said.

"Yes. Yes. A little further, doctor."

"That's enough. That's as far as it goes," I said.

"Partial articulation," said the first captain. He straightened up. "May I see the plates again, please, doctor?" The third doctor handed him one of the plates. "No. The left leg, please."

"That is the left leg, doctor."

"You are right. I was looking from a different angle." He returned the plate. The other plate he examined for some time. "You see, doctor?" he pointed to one of the foreign bodies which showed spherical and clear against the light. They examined the plate for some time.

"Only one thing I can say," the first captain with the beard said. "It is a question of time. Three months, six months probably."

"Certainly the cynoveal fluid must reform."

"Certainly. It is a question of time. I could not conscientiously open a knee like that before the projectile was encysted."

"I agree with you, doctor."

"Six months for what?" I asked.

"Six months for the projectile to encyst before the knee can be opened safely."

"I don't believe it," I said.

"Do you want to keep your knee, young man?"

"No," I said.

"What?"

"I want it cut off," I said. "So I can wear a hook on it."

"What do you mean—a hook?"

"He is joking," said the house doctor. He patted my shoulder very delicately. "He wants to keep his knee. This is a very brave young man. He has been proposed for the silver medal of valor."

"All my felicitations," said the first cap-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tain. He shook my hand. "I can only say that to be on the safe side you should wait at least six months before opening such a knee. You are welcome of course to another opinion."

"Thank you very much," I said. "I value your opinion."

The first captain looked at his watch.

"We must go," he said. "All my best wishes."

"All my best wishes and many thanks," I said. I shook hands with the third doctor and they all three went out of the room.

"Miss Gage," I called. She came in. "Please ask the house doctor to come back a minute."

He came in holding his cap and stood by the bed. "Did you wish to see me?"

"Yes. I can't wait six months to be operated on. My God, doctor, did you ever stay in bed six months?"

"You won't be in bed all the time. You must first have the wounds exposed to the sun. Then afterward you can be on crutches."

"For six months and then have an operation?"

"That is the safe way. The foreign bodies must be allowed to encyst and the cynoveal fluid will reform. Then it will be safe to open up the knee."

"Do you really think yourself I will have to wait that long?"

"That is the safe way."

"Who is that first captain?"

"He is a very excellent surgeon of Milan."

"He's a first captain, isn't he?"

"Yes, but he is an excellent surgeon."

"I don't want my leg fooled with by a first captain. If he was any good he would be made a major. I know what a first captain is, doctor."

"He is an excellent surgeon and I would rather have his judgment than any surgeon I know."

"Could another surgeon see it?"

"Certainly if you wish. But I would take Dr. Varella's opinion myself."

"Could you ask another surgeon to come and see it?"

"I will ask Valentini to come."

"Who is he?"

"He is a surgeon of the Ospedale Maggiore."

"Good. I appreciate it very much. You understand, doctor, I couldn't stay in bed six months."

"You would not be in bed. You would first take a sun cure. Then you could have light exercise. Then when it was encysted we would operate."

"But I can't wait six months."

The doctor spread his delicate fingers on the cap he held and smiled. "You are in such a hurry to get back to the front?"

"Why not?"

"It is very beautiful," he said. "You are a noble young man." He stooped over and kissed me very delicately on the forehead. "I will send for Valentini. Do not worry and excite yourself. Be a good boy."

"Will you have a drink?" I asked.

"No, thank you. I never drink alcohol."

"Just have one." I rang for the porter to bring glasses.

"No. No, thank you. They are waiting for me."

"Good-by," I said.

"Good-by."

Two hours later Dr. Valentini came into the room. He was in a great hurry and the points of his mustache stood straight up. He was a major, his face was tanned and he laughed all the time.

"How did you do it this rotten thing?" he asked. "Let me see the plates. Yes. Yes. That's it. You look healthy as a goat. Who's the pretty girl? Is she your girl? I thought so. Isn't this a bloody war? How does that feel? You are a fine boy. I'll make you better than new. Does that hurt? You bet it hurts. How they love to hurt you, these doctors! What have they done for you so far? Can't that girl talk Italian? She should learn. What a lovely girl! I could teach her. I will be a patient here myself. No, but I will do all your maternity work free. Does she understand that? She will make you a fine boy. A fine blonde like she is. That's fine. That's all right. What a lovely girl! Ask her if she eats supper with me. No, I won't take her away from you. Thank you. Thank you very much, Miss. That's all. That's all I want to know." He patted me on the shoulder. "Leave the dressings off."

"Will you have a drink, Dr. Valentini?"

"A drink? Certainly. I will have ten drinks. Where are they?"

"In the armoire. Miss Barkley will get the bottle."

"Cheery oh. Cheery oh to you Miss. What a lovely girl! I will bring you better cognac than that." He wiped his mustache.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"When do you think it can be operated on?"

"To-morrow morning. Not before. Your stomach must be emptied. You must be washed out. I will see the old lady downstairs and leave instructions. Good-by. I see you to-morrow. I'll bring you better cognac than that. You are very comfortable here. Good-by. Until to-morrow. Get a good sleep. I'll see you early." He waved from the doorway, his mustaches went straight up, his brown face was smiling. There was a star in a box on his sleeve because he was a major.

XVI

That night a bat flew into the room through the open door that led onto the balcony and through which we watched the night over the roofs of the town. It was dark in our room except for the small light of the night over the town and the bat was not frightened but hunted in the room as though he had been outside. We lay and watched him and I do not think he saw us because we lay so still. After he went out we saw a searchlight come on and watched the beam move across the sky and then go off and it was dark again. A breeze came in the night and we heard the men of the anti-aircraft gun on the next roof talking. It was cool and they were putting on their capes. I worried in the night about some one coming up but Catherine said they were all asleep. Once in the night we went to sleep and when I woke she was not there but I heard her coming along the hall and the door opened and she came back to the bed and said it was all right, she had been downstairs and they were all asleep. She had been outside Miss Van Campen's door and heard her breathing in her sleep. She brought crackers and we ate them and drank some vermouth. We were very hungry but she said that would all have to be gotten out of me in the morning. I went to sleep again in the morning when it was light and when I was awake I found she was gone again. She came in looking fresh and lovely and sat on the bed and the sun rose while I had the thermometer in my mouth and we smelled the dew on the roofs and then the coffee of the men at the gun on the next roof.

"I wish we could go for a walk," Catherine said. "I'd wheel you if we had a chair."

"How would I get into the chair?"

"We'd do it."

"We could go out to the park and have breakfast outdoors." I looked out the open doorway.

"What we'll really do," she said, "is get you ready for your friend Dr. Valentini."

"I thought he was grand."

"I didn't like him as much as you did. But I imagine he's very good."

"Come back to bed, Catherine. Please," I said.

"I can't. Didn't we have a lovely night?"

"And can you be on night duty to-night?"

"I probably will. But you won't want me."

"Yes I will."

"No you won't. You've never been operated on. You don't know how you'll be."

"I'll be all right."

"You'll be sick and I won't be anything to you."

"Come back then now."

"No," she said. "I have to do the chart, darling, and fix you up."

"You don't really love me or you'd come back again."

"You're such a silly boy." She kissed me. "That's all right for the chart. Your temperature's always normal. You've such a lovely temperature."

"You've got a lovely everything."

"Oh no. You have the lovely temperature. I'm awfully proud of your temperature."

"Maybe all our children will have fine temperatures."

"Our children will probably have beastly temperatures."

"What do you have to do to get me ready for Valentini?"

"Not much. But quite unpleasant."

"I wish you didn't have to do it."

"I don't. I don't want any one else to touch you. I'm silly. I get furious if they touch you."

"Even Ferguson?"

"Especially Ferguson and Gage and the other, what's her name?"

"Walker?"

"That's it. They've too many nurses here now. There must be some more patients or they'll send us away. They have four nurses now."

"Perhaps there'll be some. They need that many nurses. It's quite a big hospital."

"I hope some will come. What would I do if they sent me away? They will unless there are more patients."

"I'd go too."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Don't be silly. You can't go yet. But get well quickly, darling, and we will go somewhere."

"And then what?"

"Maybe the war will be over. It can't always go on."

"I'll get well," I said. "Valentini will fix me."

"He should with those mustaches. And darling, when you're going under the ether just think about something else—not us. Because people get very blabby under an anæsthetic."

"What should I think about?"

"Anything. Anything but us. Think about your people. Or even any other girl."

"No."

"Say your prayer then. That ought to create a splendid impression."

"Maybe I won't talk."

"That's true. Often people don't talk."

"I won't talk."

"Don't brag, darling. Please don't brag. You're so sweet and you don't have to brag."

"I won't talk a word."

"Now you're bragging, darling. You know you don't need to brag. Just start your prayers or poetry or something when they tell you to breathe deeply. You'll be lovely that way and I'll be so proud of you. I'm very proud of you anyway. You have such a lovely temperature and you sleep like a little boy with your arm around the pillow and think it's me. Or is it some other girl? Some fine Italian girl?"

"It's you."

"Of course it's me. Oh I do love you and Valentini will make you a fine leg. I'm glad I don't have to watch it."

"And you'll be on night duty to-night."

"Yes. But you won't care."

"You wait and see."

"There, darling. Now you're all clean inside and out. Tell me. How many people have you ever loved?"

"Nobody."

"Not me even?"

"Yes, you."

"How many others really?"

"None."

"How many have you—how do you say it?—stayed with?"

"None."

"You're lying to me."

"Yes."

"It's all right. Keep right on lying to me. That's what I want you to do. Were they pretty?"

"I never stayed with any one."

"That's right. Were they very attractive?"

"I don't know anything about it."

"You're just mine. That's true and you've never belonged to any one else. But I don't care if you have. I'm not afraid of them. But don't tell me about them. When a man stays with a girl when does she say how much it costs?"

"I don't know."

"Of course not. Does she say she loves him? Tell me that. I want to know that."

"Yes. If he wants her to."

"Does he say he loves her? Tell me please. It's important."

"He does if he wants to."

"But you never did? Really?"

"No."

"Not really. Tell me the truth?"

"No," I lied.

"You wouldn't," she said. "I knew you wouldn't. Oh I love you, darling."

Outside the sun was up over the roofs and I could see the points of the cathedral with the sunlight on them. I was clean inside and outside and waiting for the doctor.

"And that's it?" Catherine said. "She says just what he wants her to?"

"Not always."

"But I will. I'll say just what you wish and I'll do what you wish and then you will never want any other girls, will you?" She looked at me very happily. "I'll do what you want and say what you want and then I'll be a great success, won't I?"

"Yes."

"What would you like me to do now that you're all ready?"

"Come to the bed again."

"All right. I'll come."

"Oh darling, darling, darling," I said.

"You see," she said. "I do anything you want."

"You're so lovely."

"I'm afraid I'm not very good at it yet."

"You're lovely."

"I want what you want. There isn't any me any more. Just what you want."

"You sweet."

"I'm good. Aren't I good? You don't want any other girls, do you?"

"No."

"You see? I'm good. I do what you want."

(To be continued.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED